

# COUNTRY LIFE

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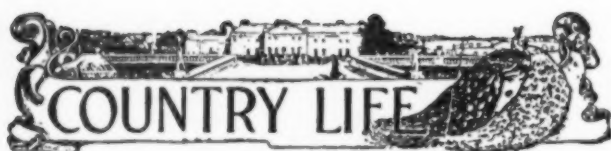
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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

THE HON. MRS. CLARENCE BRUCE.

135, Sloane Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE ALLEGED . . RIGHT TO ROAM.

SEPTEMBER is pre-eminently the month when the earth in this climate yields up her increase, and we propose to discuss two side effects. One is that the owner or occupier of land is naturally at this period most jealous of interference with it. Take the case of the land owner first. His coverts are full of game, and his stock, if he follows the fashion and breeds pedigree animals of any kind, are at their best. The farmer is now just beginning to get sure of his crops. His corn is led and stacked, his roots are growing fast, and his cattle and sheep are making the most of the few weeks of grazing which they will enjoy. To both

there is reason for anxiety if the land should be invaded by the general public. Hence the feeling against trespass is always strongest in the month of September. On the other hand, it is the very month that is most tempting to those who fare forth either for the purpose of pleasure or business. Walking, now that the hot days have departed, once more becomes the most delightful of exercises, and, moreover, the pedestrian—and small blame to him for it—dislikes the highway. Twenty-five years ago highway and byway were very much alike, but now the former is overrun with such a quantity of swift and dangerous vehicles that he who walks for pleasure avoids it. He takes to the lane and, occasionally, it must be admitted, to the fields. Nor is his presence as a rule greatly objected to there. Very seldom does it happen that a stranger wandering harmlessly in a strange land finds himself rudely accosted by the tenant, the owner, or any of their representatives.

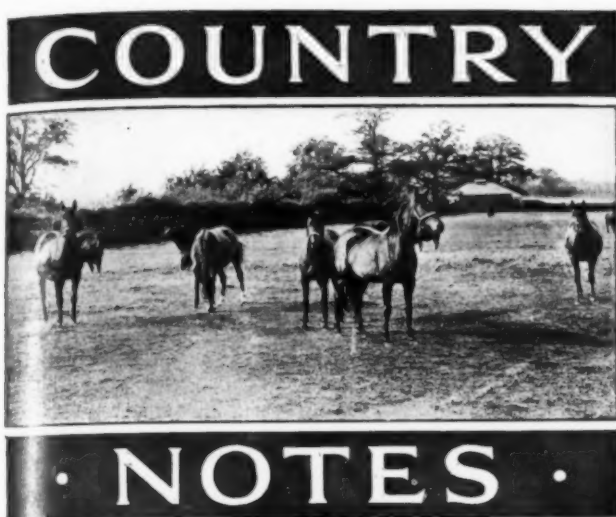
As a rule, if he is unduly disturbing game or stock, he is told of it civilly, and as civilly he accepts the rebuff and pursues a path where his footsteps give no offence. For such as he the law against trespass, as our legal contributor explains in the careful article which is published in another part of the paper, has no terrors. Indeed, as Mr. Clarke points out, the notice-board is, as far as he is concerned, mere bluff. It would not be worth while for anyone to prosecute him, and few magistrates would impose any but a nominal penalty. Things are altered, however, when the casual visit is changed into a regular peregrination, and actual damage results. In this case the infliction of a legal penalty cannot be called undeserved. But it is not the wanderer for pleasure who gives most trouble on land. At this season two products of the earth tempt visitors who are often of a very undesirable character. The products we refer to are, of course, the blackberry and the mushroom. Both of these continue to acquire greater commercial value every year. The quantity of blackberries now used for cooking with apples or by themselves must be prodigious compared with what it was twenty years ago. The cottager found in it the material for a palatable and frugal pudding; but he did not know that the taste would extend to the fashionable clubs and restaurants, so that this wild berry would be one of the most marketable of commodities. The majority of farmers would not, however, mind much if this commerce were carried on only by their own cottagers; but it attracts from the town many of various sorts whose presence mean danger. This refers particularly to the large extent of country lying round London or any of the great towns.

Ragamuffins wander forth with baskets for the purpose of gathering blackberries. They have no conception of the unwritten rules which the countryman observes, and give the farmer endless trouble by leaving gates open and breaking fences, to say nothing of such casual acts as laying hands on practically anything that can be carried away. It is, however, the bad farmer who suffers most. The careful husbandman does not want many blackberry plants in his hedges. They are rampant, spreading, choking weeds in his estimation, and it pays him to employ men to weed them out. But whatever a man's skill in husbandry may be, he has the right to be protected from those who come to glean the by-products of his farm and pay no respect to his property. With mushrooms the case is very much the same. Where they come up wild, as they do so frequently in old pastures, the owner of the soil cannot establish any property in them, and so can only proceed against the trespasser in their pursuit for the damage done to his land. In the remote parts of the country where mushrooms are gathered by poor people for home consumption or to make a store of ketchup for use in winter, it is very unusual for anyone to interfere with them; but where they are systematically sought that they may be sold by the pound they originate a nuisance which the law can be very fairly called upon to abate. Here again, however, there is a quiet way out of the difficulty. Mushrooms are a cultivable crop, and if any pains are taken to grow them, to carry them away becomes an act of theft.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of the Hon. Mrs. Clarence Bruce. Mrs. Bruce is the only daughter of Mr. Adam Black, and was married to the Hon. Clarence Bruce, the second son of Lord Aberdare, at the end of last year.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



RUMOUR has been so busy about the Land Campaign which is threatened in the autumn that the circumstantial account of the new programme which has been sent out by the Central News will be received with a certain amount of doubt. Even the statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Secretary that "It is proposed to inaugurate the Land Campaign at a meeting to be held at Bedford on October 11th next" will not be accepted as more than a statement of the intention of the moment. So frequently has a date been fixed for this event that no one would be surprised at the turning up of a new reason for deferring it. Somebody has said that the British land system will "take a deal of shifting," and the proposals as set forth by the press agency appear to be little more than a *réchauffé* of those promulgated at intervals during the last three or four generations. A great place is given to security of tenure. But argument on this point must depend wholly on the evidence. The capricious dismissal of tenants is a fault that never has been seriously urged against the British landowner. If it has existed, it will be for the campaigners to support their statement by instances, not by mere rhetoric.

Otherwise the policy seems to consist largely of the encouragement of small tenancies. Here again, if Mr. Lloyd-George and his friends are not out for vote-catching pure and simple, but are inspired by a disinterested wish to improve the rural districts, they will produce evidence to show that those now in small holdings are making a living at least equal to the proposed minimum wage for the labourers. Of course, in doing this it will be necessary to leave out of account market gardeners, fruit-growers and those who enjoy special facilities either in the way of peculiarly rich land or convenient markets. What we want to know is how the ordinary average small holder fares in the ordinary average rural district of England. Even at the last moment it may well be urged that this is a matter for careful and thorough investigation, and not for heated partisanship. There is no reason, apart from political manoeuvring, why parties should not unite in finding out the real state of affairs and applying such remedies as experience and good sense recommend. Other questions, such as those affecting the wages of labourers and the provision of cottages, are put forward in such a way as to suggest either that the Report of the Secret Enquiry is hesitating and doubtful or that the informant of the press agency had not access to the text. Under these circumstances further comment may be reserved.

Very ominous is the intelligence from Berlin that the prudent Germans are forming committees and making every possible provision for dealing with unemployment during the coming winter. The idea appears to have taken root, and to be generally accepted, that the trade boom of the last five years has exhausted itself, and that the usual reaction is just about to follow. Preparations are being made to provide work in land reclamation, in railway building and in other directions. All this is certain to cause some uneasiness in Great Britain. If bad times are coming to Germany they will visit this country also, since it has been the characteristic of economic waves of recent years to flow over all the different parts of the world at once. Time was when the Continent could be very active and Great Britain stagnant, and *vice-versa*; but since the improvement in means of communication interests have been so woven through one another that when one country suffers all the rest do so likewise. The practical reflection is that there is plenty of waste land in this country which would probably in

time pay for reclamation if prices keep going up as they seem bound to do. The check to our foreign trade in August, as disclosed by the recent returns, is a warning not to be neglected.

The annals of Broomhead are well known to sportsmen, but they contain nothing quite so surprising as the record of this year's shooting. As Mr. Rimington Wilson says in a letter which we publish in our shooting page, "It is curious we should have made our best bag in a year which has, generally speaking, been a disastrous one for grouse." The total of 4,775 in three days, the number of guns being nine on the first day, five on the second and eight on the third, is really astonishing. Has the result anything to do with the ingenious theory propounded by Mr. Douglas Cairns, that the blackberry or bilberry is a great standby for the grouse? Mr. Rimington Wilson does not himself seem to think so. His idea is that it is a great luxury to the birds, but not an essential. He goes on to say that there is plenty of the plant on the moor, but it bears very little fruit, "probably on account of the increasing number of chimneys." He adds that the birds feed freely off the bud and leaf. There is nothing to discourage owners from getting the plant to grow on their moors, and another correspondent very aptly tells them how to do it.

In a Blue Book issued a few days ago two apparently contradictory facts were brought out. The number of licensed houses has shown an increased tendency to shrink since the passing of the Act of 1904. The number of licensed houses for every ten thousand of the population was 29.27 on January 1st, 1905; on January 1st, 1912, 24.59. But this has not produced greater sobriety. In 1911 there was a considerable increase in the number of convictions for drunkenness, and this deplorable change was accentuated in 1912. In 1911 about two-thirds of the increase occurred in the Metropolitan Police District; but in 1912 it was spread over the country. The Report does not very satisfactorily analyse the reasons for this. It hints at weather conditions influencing the consumption of drink, and states also that labour troubles appear to send many men to the public-house. It is also suggested that the increase may be partly due "to the greater frequency with which a limited number of persons get drunk, or, at all events, to the greater vigilance with which those persons are followed." These explanations are not very satisfactory; they do not get over the main fact that a diminished number of public-houses has not been followed by any lessening of the number of convictions for drunkenness.

#### A SONG FOR ANNE.

I will dance with the Folk of the *Sidhe* to-night,  
I have learned their Magic rune,  
The Moon-flowers whispered the words to me,  
And the night winds sang me the tune.

Sing: *The Man in the Moon is coming now,  
A little star lamp in his hand,  
To light me into the Secret wood,  
Down the roads of Faerie-land.*

Hidden away in a secret wood,  
Where the owls and black bats flit,  
The little red toad-stools stand in a ring,  
Where a Queen and her maids shall sit.

Sing: *The little red stools are set to-night  
Under the twisted thorn.  
The Folk of the *Sidhe* are dancing there,  
Brownie and Leprechaun.*

JOAN CAMPBELL.

As usual at the end of the cereal year, statistical experts have been busy trying to estimate the quantity and quality of the crops. Official figures and private figures alike seem to show that although the cereals improved during our very dry August, they are still under the average—wheat to the extent of about two per cent. This, of course, is guesswork, but it probably comes very near the mark. Those farmers of our acquaintance who have had their wheat threshed out say that the yield is considerably less than they expected; but how far this may be general we have no means of knowing. Root crops have undoubtedly improved to a large extent owing to the moisture of September. Potatoes are good in quality, but rather small owing to the prolonged dry weather at the time when they should have been making growth. Generally speaking, the year, although not disastrous in any way, is not a bountiful one. Market gardeners probably will set it down as one of the worst in their experience. Apples, plums, and pears have been short, and assiduous watering has been necessary to get anything like a good supply of vegetables.



Although hardy fruits of most kinds are below the average in quantity this year, the quality is likely to be quite as good if not better than usual, especially in private gardens where special attention is given to the cultivation of choice kinds for dessert. With the aid of modern glasshouses the British gardener of to-day can produce apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines and grapes that are superior in many respects to those grown in more favourable countries. A splendid example of the perfection to which such fruits can be brought was provided at the Royal Horticultural Society's meeting on Tuesday last, when Lady Nunburnholme sent from her gardens at York one of the finest collections of fruit that has ever been seen in London. The grapes, pears, apples and plums were exceptionally well finished, and were far superior to the best that come to us from our Colonies and France. Melons, figs and cherries were other kinds that added interest to what experts present were unanimous in describing as a superb collection of British-grown fruit.

The vine-growers of France have been suffering even more heavily than our own farmers from the drought of the late summer and autumn, and it is reported that both in quantity and in quality the grapes are below the normal standard. The more Southern vineyards in France appear to have felt the drought most severely, although in Spain it is stated that the grapes, though hardly up to the average, are considerably better than those in France. The greatest distress among the vine-growers and all connected with the industry appears in the district of the Aube, which has suffered by its exclusion from the area of those vineyards which are entitled to give their produce the attractive name of "champagne." The prices of their wines have fallen in consequence, and this is a hint of which it is possible that a buyer, for his own consumption, may well take advantage. No doubt it affects the saleable value of the wine that it cannot legally be listed as champagne, but the actual flavour is not affected by the name. Similarly, there is many a wise connoisseur who will prefer the best old Armagnac to a brandy which has a claim to the more generally appreciated name of Cognac.

From an accident which occurred in London lately it would seem as if the workmen in towns were not so well acquainted as they should be with the danger of descending any depth into a well or other underground tunnel without first ascertaining the purity of the air. The accident occurred down a well in Kensington which is stated to have some connection with the water supply in the Serpentine. One man collapsed, and his comrades, with great difficulty and great gallantry, so far rescued him that he could be conveyed to hospital, whither also one of his rescuers had to be taken. The point of general interest is the singular ignorance that seems to have been displayed by this workman of the city, where deep wells are not the general source of water supply. In the country, where wells of various depths are the most usual mode of getting water for country houses, isolated cottages and farms, and sometimes even for the villages, a workman will seldom be found so ignorant of the risks as to consent to descend into a well of even very moderate depth without taking the precaution of first testing the atmosphere by lowering a candle to see whether there is sufficient oxygen to maintain its flame.

There was never a trout-fishing season which opened better, nor ever one which closed worse. That is the epitaph which has to be written over the close of the trout-fishing season of 1913. It is true that all is by no means finished yet; the last fly has not been thrown, and there are even some anglers who will speak quite respectfully of September as a month for trout-fishing on certain streams. But on the majority it is over, and trout-rods generally have been put away until next season. In the spring of the year the trout came into condition and fed on the surface earlier than usual, and from many of the rivers in the South the account was the same, that the fish were fighting better and were better when they came to table than they had been for many a year before. So, for a while, all was very well; but then came a long, dreary spell of overcast days, with northerly winds, very few fly and no rising fish. These conditions were accompanied by a prolonged drought, which brought all rivers very low. Now, in September, for the very last days, the drought has broken and the rivers are freshened, but it is too late to make any real amends.

A correspondent of the *Times*, who writes in a manner that is, generally speaking, both just and interesting, on "The Pedestrian and Motor Traffic," makes a suggestion that those most directly interested will eye askance. This is that land-owners should "spare a few paths which could be remote

from the house or garden to a public purpose." The writer is probably dealing with a topic to which he has paid little attention. We love field-paths and foot-paths better than most, and certainly would not help in any way to interfere with them, but as the law stands they are capable not only of becoming annoyances, but of leading to a very serious depreciation in the value of property. In the country quite close to London there are rights of way leading through parks, past gardens, past the very windows of private houses, that really serve no purpose whatever except to justify an intrusion on the privacy that every man has a right to enjoy. Yet to get rid of them is a very difficult and expensive task. Supposing that the landowner, in deference to the appeal made to him, established a new field-path, he may find that when someone wants to build a house the presence of this path is a very great obstacle. There ought to be some reasonable method of getting rid of a superfluous right-of-way, as well as of establishing a new one.

#### A LAMENT.

Ah! Visions of purple heather and shadowy, distant hills!  
Far from the hideous clatter and dust of a hundred mills:  
Scent of delicious peat and visions of copper hu'd bracken!  
No villainous soot and smuts your very inside to blacken.  
The rising mist of the morning—the moorland, purple and gold!  
The guns moving slowly forward—a dozen picked men, all told!  
Ah, glorious, glorious "Twelfth"! Hark to the sound of the shots!  
And the little grey grouse are rising—dozens of speckled darts!  
Yes, this is the "call" of the Autumn—out with the guns all day—  
And here am I, luckless creature, hard-working my life away;  
For my ship has not yet come in and, alas, the moors, for me,  
Are a joy and a glory to dream of but never to see.

I pass by a game shop window and gaze at a tempting brace—  
Then hurry away uneasy—it's more than my purse could face!  
G. C. S.

Many curious and instructive essays have been written on "dust and ashes," but few of them are so practical as Sir James Crichton-Browne's address to the Sanitary Inspectors at Llandudno. His chief moral was brought curiously home to the attention of the present writer. Before reading the address he had just been looking at some plans of new cottages and making the criticism that they should not be built right on to the road. If they are, the occupants must put up with the noise, dust, peril and general discomfort caused by modern traffic. Sir James Crichton-Browne holds that dust is the greatest danger. He considers that it is responsible for a notable increase in tetanus, or lockjaw, as country people call it. Obviously, anyone accidentally falling and receiving an abrasion is very apt to give admission to the bacillus. Nevertheless, we are bound to admit that if the motor still causes more dust than is agreeable, it must be put to its credit also that its coming has caused a vast improvement on our roads. There is less dust actually on them now than there was twenty years ago, although what there is gets stirred up as it never was stirred before.

But this does not affect the argument that it is wrong, almost criminal, to build either cottages or more pretentious houses close to the highway in the fashion of the early nineteenth century. Fortunately, there are still many quiet lanes suitable for the purpose, and the land adjoining them is usually more convenient for supplying the cottage with a garden, which ought to be its most essential feature. The practice prevailing in many country districts of putting up labourers' houses in terraces, very much after the manner of the jerry-built town suburbs, cannot be too strongly condemned. No one who could afford a detached house would have even a semi-detached house in the country, and to put up a row of cottages with an infinitesimal plot in front and an elongated strip of garden at the rear is an outrage, and likely to prove a costly one. Soon or late these cottages will have to be pulled down to give place to others of a more suitable description. The matter is one which should be brought to the attention of Mr. Runciman and the Board of Agriculture, so that those who are meditating cottage terraces for remote country places should at least be warned of their iniquity.

A Bill which sounds exceedingly drastic in its humanitarian legislation seems tolerably certain to be passed in America. It is the Bill which contains the plumage prohibition clause as proposed by the New York Zoological Society. Its effect, as stated, will be the absolute prohibition of the importation into any part of the United States of the plumage of any wild birds, except for scientific purposes. If we come to examine



it at all closely, we find at once that it is really far more drastic in sound than in fact. If the prohibition were applied to this country, it would indeed make a very important and drastic change; but the United States are of so large an area and include within their own limits such a great diversity of variously plumaged birds that the restriction is really by no means a

narrow one. Another point that is to be noted is that it is a prohibition applying to "wild" birds specifically. That is a qualification which implicitly exempts ostrich feathers from the Bill's operation, for although there are many wild ostriches, the valuable feathers are virtually all derived from birds kept in farms and regarded as domesticated.

## THE EYE AND THE CAMERA.

THE fifty-eighth annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society in the Suffolk Street Galleries has been pronounced on all hands to present a great advance on last autumn's show. It is natural that the policy of the Royal Photographic

Society should tend a little towards the conservatism which its lively rival, the London Salon of Photography, with youthful exuberance professes to abhor. The standard in picture-making by the camera has now been raised so high that progress has of

necessity become slow. But the Royal Photographic Society had seemed to lag behind even the slowest advances; and the 1913 revivification, due, no doubt, to some change of policy in the management, has been welcomed by all. It is to be hoped that the turnstile will register a corresponding increase in monetary success. No one who visits this year's show will have cause to grumble either at the waste of his time or of his shilling.

Photographic exhibitions are more deserving of support than the public is apt to admit. It may sound, at first hearing, rather an extreme claim to make, but the present writer would, at least, venture the surmise that for practical influence (and one might almost say in sociological value) no exhibition of paintings is half so important as are the two chief annual exhibitions of photographs, those of the Royal Photographic Society and of the Photographic Salon, which is open at the same time at 5A, Pall Mall East. Weight for weight, so to speak, painting is swaying far fewer people than photography. A hundred times as many persons may go to the Royal Academy as to the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition. Allowances must be made, proportionately. The one affair is a polite function; the other is known to but a small circle in comparison. But that, handicapped fairly, the photographic exhibitions send their visitors away richer than do the painting exhibitions, few honest students of the psychology of the man in the street would deny. And the secret is something deeper than the mere popular or vulgar appeal.

That an exhibition of photographs is an utterly different thing from an exhibition of paintings may seem too obvious to be worthy of emphasis. Nevertheless, the difference between the two deserves more than a passing smile or shrug. For it is a difference less in the pictures than in the effect of the pictures on the public who have come to view them. The influence of an exhibition



W. G. Meredith.

AN ARAB CHIEF.

Copyright.

of paintings is, at least in one respect, trifling compared with that of an exhibition of photographs. The vast majority of persons who look at the paintings are not themselves capable of wielding the brush. But nearly all visitors to a photographic gallery are photographers. Whether serious craftsmen of the camera or no, they nearly all possess that instrument. It may be of the more elaborate sort, or it may be a guinea black box whose spools of film are developed by the chemist round the corner. Frivolous photographer, casual photographer, or seriously artistic photographer—the visitor to a photographic exhibition is, nine times out of ten, a photographer of some kind, while the visitor to, say, the Royal Academy is comparatively rarely a painter. What is the consequence? The Academy patron, having paid his shilling, wanders round the rooms admiring this or that, but acquiring, for his own personal practical profit, little or nothing of permanence. He is a Londoner, let us suppose, and sees a subtly painted impression of the dome of St. Paul's from the river—a misty and bubble-like contour floating against the smoky sky upon the surface of a foreground of warehouses and shipping and oily water. The picture pleases him, but, if he belong to the army of the matter-of-fact, he enjoys it purely as a painting. Knowing nothing of painting, he takes it for granted that this, to him, is not St. Paul's, but only "one of these clever

artist's" visions of St. Paul's. And perhaps in his modesty he is right. At all events, it never occurs to him to see St. Paul's in that way for himself. To him it not only does

not look like that, but it never will look like that, even though he has taken delight in this picture. It is only a picture, and it has not educated him to look with fresh eyes on St. Paul's next time he passes it. Indeed, the chances are that he forgets the picture promptly. It has only entertained him for the moment; it has not survived as a permanent revelation, for him, of the world outside Burlington House; at the most it has raised within him a vague and fleeting wish that he too could paint—not the discovery that, if he would, he too could see.

But the visitor to the photographic exhibition gets a less transitory shilling's-worth. For, being a photographer himself, the photographs have something direct and personal to tell him. "I could have done that," is his exclamation, as he comes opposite an impressionistic photograph of St. Paul's, "if only I had seen it." Precisely. And ever afterwards he *does* see it. Never again can he pass St. Paul's on a 'bus-top without perceiving something of its grey majesty; for, time and again, he is reminded that he, too, has a camera and could therewith make photographs. Suppose he never makes any photographs of value, he still has profited in this, that the camera has opened his eyes to the fact that



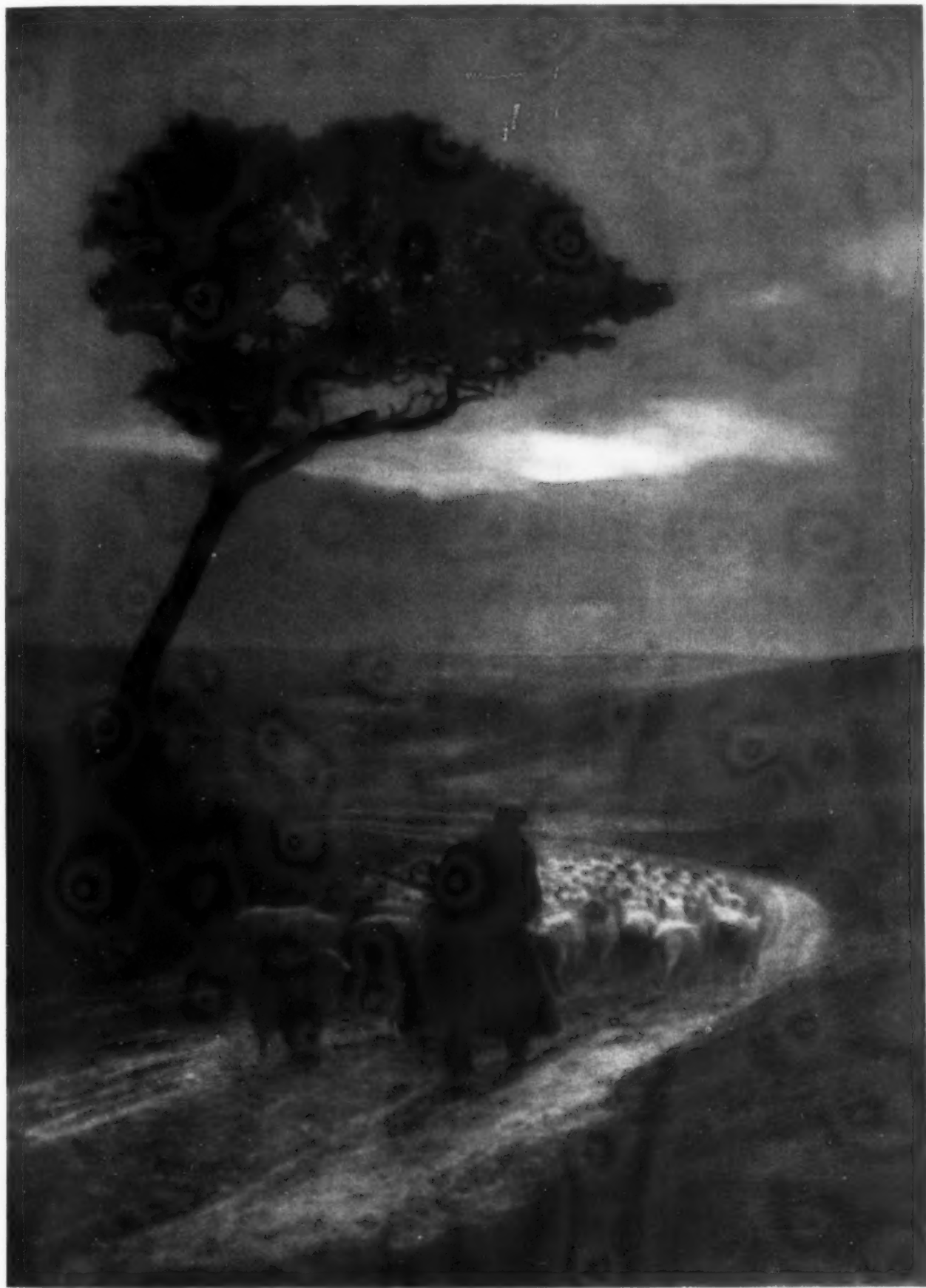
Elliott Peel.

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"THE SNOWS ARE MY ROBE AND THE FROST IS MY CROWN"

the universe is full of pictures. He has made the astonishing discovery that the world is rather a beautiful place. He might go annually for half a century to the Academy, and never either make this discovery or apply it to the conduct

looking at a photograph he is looking at an object which he knows something about, though it may be not very much. Each subject which he inspects on the gallery walls is one which he might himself have taken. Instead of taking



Grafton Goatley.

HOMEWARDS.

Copyright.

of his own life. Always he would think of paint and the painter's view of the world as things apart from him. Painters are queer fish, fanatics or geniuses or of the tribe of entertainers. His shilling pays them, and he has no further responsibility towards them or towards himself and his education. But

ugly and hard little snapshots of his family ranged on the doorstep, he *might* take beautiful, dignified and human groups like those of some of the German exhibitors; instead of firing off his shutter at "pretty scenery" so haphazardly that the result has a foreground of wire fencing and railway signals, he *might*



exercise the virtue of selection and make romantic, serene and lonely landscapes like those of the Scottish School; instead of perpetrating picture postcard shots of Trafalgar Square from the hackneyed viewpoints, he *might* find those charming effects of sunshine streaming through arches or ironwork gates, of fog veiling the courtyards of the Temple or the Inns, or sun picking

out the leafage in some City courtyard. For the photographer who has once been awakened to the powers of his instrument can never go about his daily journeyings with a brain blind to possible pictures. And that awakening comes to many, thanks to a chance visit not to a gallery of paintings, but to a photographic exhibition. WARD MUIR.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"MARJORIE BOWEN" in the course of her brilliant career has made many interesting experiments, but none, in our opinion, more so than the attempt to make Oliver Cromwell the hero of the historical novel which she calls *The Governor of England* (Methuen). The merits and disadvantages of her theme are obvious. Oliver's character possesses unending attraction. Until Carlyle made a hero of him he was the object of much detestation, and even now he occupies the place in history of an inscrutable mask rather than of a familiar human being with indisputable characteristics. Artists of an earlier tradition would probably have brought him in on a side-wind, as indeed was the way of the greatest of our historical novelists in "Woodstock." There you get old Noll, not as he is revealed by minute study and research, but as he was figured in a mind unsurpassed in common sense, sagacity and knowledge of human nature. Moreover, Scott had that humour which is in itself a kind of moderating philosophy and an antidote to extreme views of every kind. To many excellent gifts "Marjorie Bowen" does not add the saving grace of humour. Her pages are stained with a superabundance of midnight oil. It would perhaps have been better to let her studies recede a little till the mere facts grew indistinct and her conception of the man emerged from the cloud of details. In other words, it would have been more in the spirit of a true artist to make the work frankly a romance instead of its being, as is the case, pseudo-romance, pseudo-history. The result in this case is only a clever woman's guess at the motives and inner life of a strong and singular and complex man. A very reasonable and plausible theory is that Oliver, like the rest of human beings, was a parcel of mixed goods. His religious sincerity may be granted, but in the presence of Praise-God-Barebones it undoubtedly became religiosity expressed in cant. Irish opinion of him is expressed in the execration common to this day: "The curse of Cromwell on you"—a saint is not likely to have left behind this tradition. Up and down England and Scotland the country is sown with marks of the havoc among things of beauty made by his Puritanical soldiery. After experience of his rule England went joyfully back to the Stewarts, and towards the end of his life he went about in fear, wearing a coat of mail under his doublet. In spite of all this, it may be admitted that he was, on the whole, a sincere and patriotic man; but the facts show that with the gold a good deal of very common earth was mixed.

Yet Marjorie Bowen paints him as saint and hero. He is introduced at the moment when Hampton had been condemned to pay ship-money. The result of his meditation is described in terms that the Venerable Bede might have used about St. Aidan:

So the Law had decided in favour of the King, who might now levy ship-money and whatever tax else he chose—and there would be the tower and the pillory, the branding and the fine, for those who dared resist, as there had been for Prynne and Bastwick who had dared to criticise the ritual of Archbishop Laud.

Mr. Cromwell felt a strange sparkle in his blood; he paced to and fro on the rough floor, strewn with the dried husks of the last harvest, and clasped his hands on his rough coat-breast and then dropped the left to his sword. As he clasped the plain hilt, a sudden exaltation shot into his heart, his spirit leapt suddenly to a greater height than any it had touched before. And then it happened.

A dazzle of unbelievable light opened before his inner vision, he fell on his knees and, from a sword of fire, received the accolade of God.

"Lord, I am saved!" he cried. "I am in Grace! And I am chosen to be Thy servant in this work which is to be done in England."

When the glamour faded he rose, staggering, and wept a little for joy.

This, then, is the "call" of Oliver. Apparently to add to his charm he is represented as being of a most profound melancholy, a doting father, a loving husband—in fact, as an incredible combination of the domestic virtues. Readers are lulled into forgetfulness that Oliver's head was the hardest and most unscrupulous in Great Britain, and feel ourselves in the presence of some waxen image of the Man of Iron, the greatest statesman and commander of his day.

In contrast we have his protagonist, Charles I. No historian, no imaginative writer, no painter ever has succeeded in making Charles interesting. His life, no less than his face, betokens that particular foolishness which is the most apt to lead to destruction. That was what cost him his head. He

was not born into revolutionary times, and there was no rival claimant to the throne. But he was not wise enough to discern the point at which the exercise of Royal prerogative comes up against the limit which the English people have set to their monarchy. He was not wise enough to gauge the struggle of his enemies or to value sufficiently the love and loyalty of his friends. It was only at the last incident of his life that he acquitted himself with greatness and dignity. The manner of his death at least was kingly. In Andrew Marvell's oft-quoted lines:

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try;  
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
To vindicate his helpless right,  
But bowed his comely head  
Down—as upon a bed.

Marjorie Bowen spoils this tragic scene, as she does several others, by insisting upon the attempt to enter into the feelings of the Royal victim, and state not only the actual visible incidents, but his inner thoughts. Divination alone could have supplied material for many of the sentences in the passage we quote, and it is not the only one in which the writer piles up and magnifies horror:

The church bells struck half-past twelve, the sluggard sun sent faint rays through the low winter clouds. The King knelt down. "Remember," he said to Juxon.

A great excitement steadied him, driving away the sickness; this was the end, the end—and after?

He placed his forehead in the niche of the block; the position was uncomfortable, and he was staring down at the black covering of the scaffold floor.

He closed his eyes, clutching his hands on his breast; he felt the keen air on his bare neck, and confused visions leaped before him. He tried to pray. "Lord Jesus," he murmured swiftly. "Lord Jesus"—he could think of nothing more; with an almost mechanical movement he threw out his hands.

He heard the headsman step nearer; he set his teeth.

"Woodstock" is by no means one of the best of Scott's historical romances, but to read it after this is a lesson in imaginative art. Sir Walter was born to be a cavalier. He had no sympathy with iconoclasts of any description, and he had a great reverence for royalty. We might, therefore, have expected him to be as unjust to Oliver Cromwell as Marjorie Bowen is to Charles Stewart. But Scott was too great, too full of humanity. Noll interested him. He makes him follow the younger Charles with the rage of a lion and the persistence of a sleuthhound, bringing out in a manner impossible to mistake the ambition and cant of the Protector, and yet he shows him in the end clement and magnanimous. The glorified "man with a mission" of Marjorie Bowen's fancy is not nearly as convincing.

### SPORT THROUGH THE ARTIST'S EYES.

**Sport in Art.** by W. A. Baillie-Grohman. (Ballantyne.)

MR. BAILLIE-GROHMAN deserves much thanks, on the part of sportsmen interested in seeing the appeal that their craft has made to artists in times past, for the industry and interest which have induced him to give us the work bearing the above title. It begins with a brief review of the oldest efforts, from the date of the Palaeolithic or Eolithic men (it appears that there is a doubt from which period the first of all artistic efforts have come down to us) to the production of the fine "Livres de Chasse" of Gaston de Foix in the middle of the fifteenth century. Thenceforward to the time of Ridinger, who was at work to within thirty-three years of the nineteenth century, his account is thorough and adequate both as regards his letterpress and also the typical examples that he gives of the various artists who have taken sport as their subject during the period. His final chapter is devoted to mountaineering, but he especially confesses that there are many pastimes and games of which he would have wished to include the artistic record, but was not able to deal with them within his allotted space. Even as it is, the book is large enough for comfortable holding and reading, though the print is all that could be desired and the reproductions are satisfactory. It is a rare medley that Mr. Grohman has collected for us in this gallery. There is a vast variety of artistic merit, and some of the pictures in which the drawing is the most remarkable are perhaps not the least faithful as giving an idea of the nature of the sport. The intense seriousness of some of the artists in the production of a picture which it is scarcely possible for us of a later day to regard without a smile is very charming, but that is a characteristic of many another old print besides those that have sport for their special subject. Of the whole there are but two of which the intent is avowedly humorous, and here, as elsewhere, we have to realise that it is the unconscious humour that most strongly appeals to us. Many of the pictures, however, are works of really high artistic merit, and by artists of great note.



## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE KISS OF A PSYCHOLOGIST.

BY

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD



THERE is a peculiar sense of exasperation in being accused of something you have not done when yet the look of the thing is hopelessly against you. That is to say, you *have* done it, only not in the way you stand accused of. A basis of hard fact is there, of course; you have been seen, heard, caught, but the rest is stupid misunderstanding, the stupider the more dangerous. Your heart knows its innocence, because in some way that a K.C. would ridicule or a police-sergeant ignore, you—your Self—had no part in it. You were elsewhere at the time. But the spiritual alibi is unconvincing, and the more you explain the deeper you stand committed. The wisest course is to own up and ask forgiveness. For a fact is a fact, and subtle explanation proves you not merely a villain, but a clever, obstinate, unrepentant villain into the bargain.

At first Jim Hardy was uncertain whether his wife had actually seen or not. He wondered, at least, how much she had seen. She was so deadly quiet. He felt awkward, foolish, yet innocent and wholly unashamed. She smiled brightly and continued to show the effusive joy of her home-coming. Yet, all the time, she *had* seen everything; only she kept the card with triumph up her sleeve, aware of the instinct to produce it later with overwhelming effect. Also, she was too proud and sweet and childish to admit at once, and the collapse of her happiness was too radical for her to realise it completely in that awful moment. She abhorred and despised jealousy, and was determined to feel none, above all not to betray that she felt it. Moreover, she held him in her power so utterly (alas!) that she could afford to wait: he was not the rock she had believed him to be, but common clay like other men. It was a devastating shock. But, contrariwise somehow, there was a fierce sweetness in the pain she felt, for their coming together again would be marvellous, the making-up scene delicious and adorable. "Later he'll tell me of his own accord—all, all, all—and beg forgiveness. The wretch!" And so she remained strong, magnanimous and brave. She was very contained. But it was rather ghastly for them both. He advanced with the impetuous happiness of a boy to take her in his arms; and it was then, suddenly, that the assumed role of silent heroine deserted her in a flash, and her self-control all melted. Pain, anger and bitter disappointment flamed in her young cheeks. "James," she said, freezing, "I saw everything." And she drew herself up into an accusing statue of unrelenting marble. "Mabel," she added, glancing round, "has left the room. She is probably waiting for you in the hall." The trembling in her voice was stupid, but she could not prevent it. The stone statue attitude she managed admirably. She moved no single inch to meet him. "You had better go to her at once. I interrupted you—both." She gulped the tears down, but the blood rushed to her head and burned her eyes.

For a moment he knew something of what Dreyfus felt upon his Devil's Island. The fact that Mabel was a niece, and that he knew his wife was secretly jealous of her, tied his tongue. His foolish, impetuous mistake was obvious, but the pettiness of the truth dismayed him hopelessly. Then and there he could have strangled Mabel with a bootlace—gladly. For Mabel was less to him than the maid who did his room, whom he had hardly seen, and whose name he did not even know. Mabel had popped into the flat to greet the returning Mrs. Hardy, whom she loved. Jim found her in the drawing-room, ran up with joy and excitement in his heart, crying: "Isn't it splendid? Minnie will be back in half an hour! I've had a wire"—and the stupid thing had somehow happened. Mabel herself, bursting with great news of her own, looked radiant with happiness and adorably pretty—which made it worse. His heart, his thought, his body, none of him at all, in fact, was really in that boyish, impetuous embrace. He hugged her as he might have hugged a child, a dog, a kitten. His self—only he could never prove it—was elsewhere: with his wife. He could have danced about the room, for his fortnight's loneliness was over, and Minnie was coming back "in half an hour." Instead, she came back that very minute, saw the embrace, heard the words (as she thought) "we've half an hour"—and experienced the first shock of shattering disillusion her young life had ever known. Mabel discreetly—neither of them actually saw her go—had slipped

out of the room until the explanations were safely over.

He stopped, unable to find words at first, but still holding his arms out wide. Mrs. Hardy gazed at him speechlessly, tears rising behind the ice that glittered in her eyes. He saw them. He made a plunge to seize her bodily.

"You may keep your embraces for Mabel," she said, icily. "You know perfectly well, Jim—"

That "Jim," uttered inadvertently, was too much for her. Her voice failed her badly. She drew back from his arrested advance as though he were a leper, turning towards the window with a gulp of agony and anger. The traffic went by as if nothing had happened. She saw it with amazement. By rights all London should have looked different. The world was dark. The sun had set, yet London rolled on just the same as usual. The indifference, the cruelty of life appalled her.

He straightened himself and took a long, deep breath—a very audible breath indeed. "Minnie," he said, in a flat, dull voice, yet a shade of defiance in it somewhere, "I admit it. I did kiss Mabel. But it was really you I kissed. I was simply mad with joy at your return. I couldn't contain myself."

She made a curious movement with her hand by the window, but she did not turn. He paused, trying wildly to interpret the gesture, to guess what its significance might be.

"Can't you *understand*?" he continued, moving cautiously six inches nearer. Then, as she still said nothing and made no movement, he plunged recklessly among the sentences that filled his mind, the more confidently because he was telling the simple, though curious, truth. "It was pure excitement. I could have kissed anything in sight—the cook, the postman, the boy who brought your telegram. My emotion *had* to find some outlet. Ask any psychologist, and he'll tell you. That kiss was really an enormous compliment to you. It was simply a —"

"James," Mrs. Hardy stopped him coldly—the cold horribly assumed to hide the fiery pain within—"you kissed her on the lips. I saw it. And you expected me by a later train"—here she turned slowly round—"for I heard you say so. It was"—she gulped dreadfully over the abominable word she hardly understood—"an assignation."

"Minnie!" he gasped, hopelessly. "But Minnie—!"

"And I, in my blind, big love, came home early on purpose to surprise you. I—did—surprise—you!" They stared at each other in silence for ten seconds. "On the lips," Mrs. Hardy repeated, in a lifeless voice.

"Because her beastly lips came first," he cried, "and she stuck 'em up into my face. I wasn't looking for them. I'd just as soon have kissed her knuckles or—the coffee-pot—or the poker—or any old thing that happened to be about—"

He stopped dead as he saw the expression in her face. She simply did not believe him. There was sweetness, patience, forgiveness and—contempt, but utter disbelief. It was awful. They had been married six months. This meant the destruction of two young, happy lives. His head began to spin. He was very much of a boy. "God bless you, sweetheart," he cried, passionately, flinging out his arms towards her in despair, "I tell you before Heaven it was merely the boy in me that kissed her. It was my high spirits for you. I was so wild with joy—for you. And, besides, she came in really to announce—" And again he stuck, realising his grave predicament from the look in his wife's gleaming eyes. She would simply never believe him again if he went on with these explanations, and yet he must go on because they were the truth. He understood that resigned expression in her suffering face, and his mind dashed headlong for another chance of safety. "And, do remember one thing, Minnie: Mabel is nothing but a niece—"

"My niece," was the frigid rejoinder, like a steel trap closing on his heart. "Mabel is no relation to you at all. And, what's more, James, you know perfectly well that the wretched girl's in love with you into the bargain. So there!" And she stamped her foot as she produced this final proof with an air of triumph that she hated. "The pair of you! Bah!" she added, amid signs of general collapse. "And to think that I can't go away for a week without—without—" The sentence died away among ominous sounds.



"Minnie," he asked, gravely, sadly, finally, as it were, "have you no trust in me at all? Mabel came here, I tell you, to—"

"Until now I had," she interrupted, tears swimming in her eyes and her lips trembling. "You can hardly expect me to doubt my own senses. And I don't want to hear what Mabel came here for. It's all the same to me. She came to see you, and you can never explain away that!"

That he sought to justify himself was utterly fatal in her eyes. He passed his hand wearily across his forehead, true anguish in his heart. He turned towards the door, thinking it best perhaps to leave her for a little to think it over. But his love prevented that. Besides, Mabel was in the hall. He scorned, too, the smallest prevarication. Unworldly-wise, not clever, boyish to the end, he stuck to the simple truth. He did not realise sufficiently that he was dealing with a jealous woman. Making no attempt this time to come nearer to her, he sank into a chair and heaved a long, big sigh.

"Minnie, sit down a moment and listen to me," he said, solemnly, so solemnly, indeed, that she obeyed him. She also sighed. The full confession was now to come, she thought, with a pang of deadly hopelessness.

"You're no psychologist, bless your little precious heart," he began, steadily, "or you would understand at once what it is I'm saying, and would just laugh and forgive. I can only tell you, darling, there's nothing, *nothing* really to forgive at all. A man only acts—a man is only guilty, where his consciousness acts. And his consciousness may be miles away from a given act at a given moment. In a moment's anger against someone who has injured me I might seize the kitten and squeeze it till it died, and my real sin would be against my enemy, and not against the innocent kitten. I was an ass—a hopeless, idiotic ass—to let—I mean, to kiss the girl—"

"Sly, deceitful minx!"

"But, upon my soul, if it had been the charwoman, I'd have—well, I'd have *felt* like hugging her just the same. My thoughts, my feelings, my consciousness, don't you see, were all for you, and for you alone." And he rose, half impulsively, to go across to her, perhaps to take her in his arms. He did not do so, however. There was still something in her face that stopped him. She was melting a little, but had not melted yet to the point where she could touch him. Her pride was still desperately wounded. Once that was healed, touch could bring the final cure, but not before. "It was an unconscious, a purely vicarious kiss," he continued, firmly. "I tell you there was nothing in it. My arms were hungry for you and for you only. It's the first time, Minnie, the very first time during the whole fortnight you've left me lonely that I've set eyes on the creature."

Mrs. Hardy visibly softened. That was a provable statement. She loved his saying "creature." "Then, what brought her here at all?" she asked, in a low voice, not raising her eyes from the ground. "How did she know I was coming back to-day? Who told her?"

"That's just what I've been trying to make you listen to all this time," he replied, with another sigh. "Mabel telephoned—"

"Indeed!"

"—to the cook. I was out. I went to get stalls for to-night—your favourite opera—and to order lilies of the valley round the corner—your favourite flower. I was simply intoxicated into this extravagance by the idea of your return. I came back, full of happiness, and found Mabel in the room. I fairly bubbled over. My consciousness was no more in that kiss than—in the drunken man who embraces a policeman in the street." He fumbled in his grammar, snatching at the first available simile. Also, in his confidence, sure of his own innocence, he made the mistake of over-statement.

"But the drunken man *does* like the policeman—at the moment," said his wife, coldly, betraying pathetically her desire to believe and understand.

"Well, then," he answered, desperately but very calmly, "no more than in a child who excitedly hugs a dog because it's been allowed to sit up half an hour longer than usual."

"The child does love the dog. It wouldn't hug the poker, would it?"

"It would," he said, with decision, "if there was nothing else handy about. It'd hug a poker or a cushion or anything that was close enough." He felt obliged to stick to his simile. They stared hard into each other's eyes for nearly half a minute. "Minnie," he went on, with the gravity of ultimate truth in voice and eyes and manner, "this one thing you shall and must believe of me: that, since we married, I have neither kissed nor wanted to kiss a single living thing but you. And that's the truth."

He pause to note the effect of this. Surely an intuitive woman, he felt, must recognise truth when she hears it. A sign of wavering in her severe and uncompromising expression encouraged him. The look of injury passed a little. "And, as I said before," he continued, with authority, "if you were a psychologist, darling, just the least little bit of a psychologist—"

"But what I don't understand, Jim," she interrupted him, with a sudden return of distrust and agony in her face again, "is why Mabel came to the flat at all. Why did she come at all? Can you tell me that?"

"I've been trying to for ever so long, but you wouldn't let me," he cried. "Mabel came in to announce her engagement to Frank. They're to be married in six weeks. She was wild with joy and excitement, simply bubbling over, and she came in to tell you—"

"And to kiss anything in sight—anything that was close enough to reach, I suppose—"

How much longer the explanation might have lasted it is impossible to say, for sentences and words are bound to flow until the emotion producing them has subsided. Jim Hardy, however, could really think of nothing more to say. He simply got up and went over to her. She, too, got up. She tried to leave the room. She would gladly have spun out the scene a little longer—though not much longer. But she never reached the door. She made no real resistance, and as he felt her sink into his arms it seemed to him he was ready to confess anything in the world if she wanted it.

"God bless you for one thing," he said, softly.

"And that is?" she asked, looking up into his face above her.

"That you didn't say you were sorry you ever married me," he laughed.

"You see, Jim, I'm no psychologist," she whispered, "but just a woman who loves. But next time I go away I'll fill your room with pokers and cushions and little dogs, unless you'd rather have a policeman or a kitten!"

"Better not go away at all," he smiled, as they went out into the hall and saw the opera tickets and the flowers on the table.

"It's cheaper, as well as safer."

## IN THE GARDEN.

### BULBS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN.

**D**URING the early spring months, and even well into the summer, our rock gardens owe not a little of their charm and interest to the many dwarf kinds of bulbous plants that find a congenial home in the pockets or bays where a goodly depth of loam or peat and loam can be provided for their roots to wander in. Nearly every pot now brings catalogues of bulbs, a sure sign that the planting season is at hand, and as a great deal depends upon early planting, it is proposed to enumerate some at least of the many kinds suitable for the alpine garden.

The Scilla family alone provides us with several gems that cannot be omitted. The Siberian Squill, *Scilla sibirica*, with rich blue flowers, and its white variety are two plants that will thrive in almost any position where a few inches of good soil can be lodged. *Puschkinia libanotica* is a near relative of these; it grows taller and flowers later, but must be included on account of the quaint china—blue markings on its white petals. Then we must not forget the Glory of the Snow, *Chionodoxa Luciliae*, with pale blue flowers, and the rich dark blue variety named *sardensis*. They are both easily cultivated, and seed freely when once established. Of Anemones there are a number to select from. The Wood Windflower, *A. nemerosa*, with its lavender-flowered variety *robinsoniana* and the larger-flowered Blue Bonnet, should have a partly shaded position and some decayed leaves in the soil. Then there is the Apennine Windflower, *A. apennina*, and the Grecian Windflower, *A. blanda*, both with blue flowers and both admirably adapted for the rock garden. The well-drained places in the rock garden that can easily be filled with good soil make a suitable home for that most gorgeous of Windflowers, *A. fulgens*, which, if protected from north and east winds, may often be had in flower at Christmas. It is not a kind plant, however, and cannot be relied upon to do well, even under the most favourable conditions. Where it does grow, however, it usually grows well, and is worthy of a trial for the sake of its scarlet blossoms.

Of Crocuses there are a number of species admirably adapted for the rock garden. To my mind, the gem of all is Sieberi, with soft lavender flowers and bright orange stigmata. In a sheltered corner it begins to flower in January, and continues for at least a month. Then there is the charming little *C. susiana*, with golden yellow flowers quaintly striped on the outside with maroon. It increases freely when established if left undisturbed. *C. biflorus*, white, with violet markings, and *C. tommasinianus*, with soft silvery lavender grey flowers, are others that certainly ought to be included. Of hardy Cyclamen suitable for autumn planting, there are three, viz., *C. cilicicum*, with white flowers; *C. Coum*, rose-coloured blossoms; and *C. ibericum*, which is similar to *C. Coum*, except that the foliage is veined with silver. These ought to be planted at once, and it is well to bear in mind that they appreciate decayed leaves and old mortar in the soil. The Winter Aconite, *Eranthis hyemalis*, ought also to have a corner. It is usually regarded as a common plant, but if the curious little roots are put in now, we shall be rewarded in midwinter with flowers of rich buttercup yellow, each surrounded by a quaint ruff of green foliage. Snowdrops of several kinds are available, though, to my mind, none is more suitable than the common one, *Galanthus nivalis*.

Of the wild Tulips of other countries there are several beautiful and interesting kinds suitable for our purpose, the most charming of all being the Water-lily Tulip, *Tulipa kaufmanniana*. It has creamy white flowers with rich yellow centres, and when fully



expanded these resemble miniature Water Lilies. It needs good soil and a sunny position. The Persian Tulip, *T. persica*, which rarely grows more than three inches high, is a gem for the rock garden; it has yellow flowers with golden bronze exteriors. Dog's-tooth Violets are a fairly large family, and of the common one, *Erythronium Dens-canis*, which has purple flowers, there are a number of varieties, *Frans Hals*, with large purple blossoms, and *La Neige*, white, being two of the best. They appreciate a partially shaded position and rather deep planting. *E. californicum*, pale yellow; *E. Hendersonii*, pale lilac, with purple centre; *E. Hartwegii*, pale yellow; and *E. revolutum Johnsonii*, rose with yellow centre, are all beautiful kinds from America. Dwarf Irises, such as *I. Heldreichii*, with lavender and violet flowers; and *I. reticulata*, with deep violet-coloured blossoms that emit a delightful fragrance, must find a home in the rock garden.

The Grape Hyacinths, or *Muscari*, are most useful for creating bold masses of colour, particularly the one known as *Heavenly Blue*. If planted freely in good-sized drifts it will make a picture of gentian blue in spring that will more than repay us for the slight trouble that planting entails.

Of dwarf *Narcissi* there are many kinds, though none is quite so charming as the dainty little *minimus*, a perfect Daffodil of pigmy size and golden yellow colour. *Cyclamineus*, *minor*, *juncifolius*, *moschatus*, *triandrus calathinus* and *Queen of Spain* are others that ought to be included. F. W. H.

#### BEDDING-OUT AT DEAUVILLE.

At "dear," delightful Deauville everything is of the very best, and certainly the treatment of the flower borders is alone well worth the journey across the Channel to see. The gardens in front and behind the Royal Hotel and in front of the Casino and of the Normandy Hotel are full of fine effects. The planting is in all cases very close, so that no trace of soil is visible, and constant watering and a splendid sun have combined to produce a blaze of colour which has certainly not been exceeded, if equalled, anywhere else. The main feature in the display is the daring way in which colours which are generally supposed to clash are here brought into close connection. Thus a row of scarlet *Pelargoniums* is next to a pink of the ivy-leaved class, and close by is a small-flowered pink *Begonia*. The general result is, however, quite splendid, but the outstanding border is a narrow one with a close-cut *Privet* hedge of about three feet high at the back. The first row is *ageratum*, then a row of the brightest scarlet *Geranium*, and, behind that, purple *Petunias* tied into the hedge. The effect of this combination is quite wonderful, and being so easy should be largely followed. Of course, a *Yew* hedge would be even better than *Privet*. The brilliant colours of all the flowers is well set off by a turf, which is constantly being watered, and is therefore of the richest green.

W. HERBERT FOWLER.

#### RAMBLER ROSES BY THE WATERSIDE.

During the summer one of the most beautiful effects at Kew has been obtained by Rambler Roses beside the large lake in front of the Palm House. At either side of this lake the surrounding soil, which is several feet above the level of the water, is kept in position by cement walls, which, if left bare, would be entirely out of keeping with the surroundings. Some years ago the idea of planting Rambler Roses at the top of the wall was conceived, and with this end in view the soil next the

wall was dug out to a good depth and to about three feet in width, and the trench filled with good, stiff loam and manure. In this new soil such *wichuraiana* Roses as *Dorothy Perkins* and *Lady Gay* were planted, and since then they have made rapid progress, so that now the long, slender shoots hang suspended over the wall, some of the more venturesome reaching well into the water. When in flower these Roses create a charming effect, and instead of ugly cement walls, pink cascades of Roses are to be seen, the accompanying illustration giving a good idea of their beauty. Even were the bank an ordinary one of soil without a retaining wall, the same method might be adopted, though in such a case the growths would need pegging down to the soil to keep them in place. It may be



E. J. Wallis.

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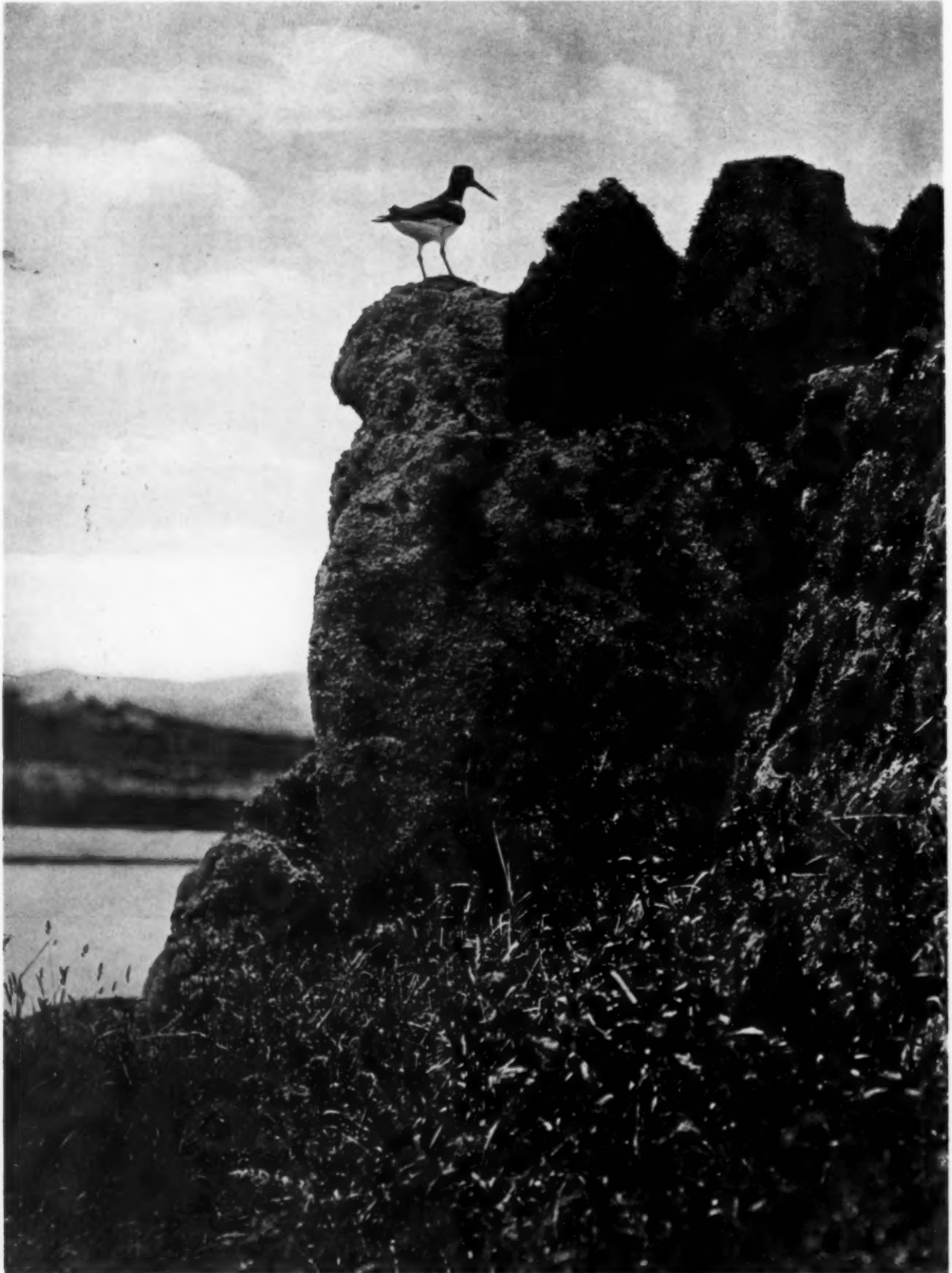
#### DOROTHY PERKINS AS A FRINGE TO THE WATERSIDE.

well to remind those who grow these *wichuraiana* Roses that the old flowering wood should be cut away now that the flowers have faded, so as to enable the young rods that have been formed this year to become thoroughly ripened. If this is done there will be less danger of injury by frost during the coming winter, and the prospects for flowers another year will be enhanced. H.

## THE RED-LEGGED COASTGUARD BIRD.

**A** SEASHORE without an oyster-catcher is no seashore for me. His territory during the breeding season is high water mark all round the coast. Wherever he can find his best friend, the limpet, studding the rocks with its conical-formed shell, there you may meet the oyster-catcher. He requires no careful search, for whether you approach his domain from inland or from the sea, his piping call proclaims your unwelcome intrusion to all other

feathered inhabitants, and a few moments later you see his black and white wings hurriedly carrying him from one rocky promontory to another as he watches your progress. For he plays the part of coastguardsman just as elsewhere the red-shank is the warden of the marshes. Exuberance is his characteristic in everything from his colour-scheme to his language. Pip, pi-p, pip, pee-up, peep, peep, pip-pip-pip-pip is a common sequence of his shrill notes, and although in his colour-scheme



F. Heatherley.

ON A ROCKY PROMONTORY.

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F. Heatherley.

IN THE RAIN.

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of black, white and red he seems to adopt German nationality, his language is an avian French, extremely rapid and hurried in utterance. Although I have listened to it for many hours I can make nothing of it, more especially as soliloquy is the exception and excited conversation between two or three the rule. There is one phrase I, and I daresay many other bird photographers would like to identify and learn to imitate, and that is "All's well, but your eggs are getting cold, dear," for his extreme wariness makes the oyster-catcher an exasperating bird to wait for. I think there is hardly another sea bird more capable of yielding sport, for however carefully you may lay your plans it is not safe to reckon on success. Exasperating failure and unexpected good luck are equally possible, which is probably why some who have only tried him once or twice differ as to the ease with which he may be photographed. This most brilliant denizen of the seashore always tempts one with the hope of getting that longed-for perfect negative which shall at last do justice to the colour-rendering of his immaculate white, his deep black and the various shades of vermillion, orange and yellow that go to make up his *tout-ensemble*, not forgetting that blood red ring round the eye which is so often

lost in the photograph. Even if all this were obtained, more is required to make the negative perfect, and that is some indication of the dainty grace with which the bird picks its way over the rocks; the graceful poses it assumes in its hesitating advances, sometimes with foot half off the ground, showing toes as flexible as any ballet-dancer's, as noiselessly it tries to make up its mind to come back to its speckled treasures and thus to be lured within range of the camera.

However satiated one may be with other successes, the oyster-catcher seems always worth a plate, for there are so many factors to be considered even after one has told one's beads on a Watkins meter. For instance, are the eggs nearly hatched and, therefore, in urgent need of incubation or not? Although brilliant sunshine registering three or even two on the meter may promise success, the very heat of the sun may lead to failure, while a poor light with cold and rain will result in the bird overlooking a badly-concealed camera. Much also depends on a bird's individuality. A pair of oyster-catchers that are extremely clamorous all the time that preparations are being made will be more likely to prove a good investment than a pair that fly off and sulk.



F. Heatherley.

AN IDEAL HOME.

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H. Willford.

PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP.

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M. King.

INSPECTING THE EGGS.

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F. Heatherley.

WALKING ON.

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On one occasion King and I spent a day at a pair with the camera concealed four feet from the nest and worked by means of tubing from a hiding tent forty feet off, and only obtained half-a-dozen negatives all day, the last only after a wait of two hours. Next day the camera was set up by a clutch of eggs thirty feet away which we had previously rejected because of the unpicturesqueness of their surroundings. This bird only waited until he who played the assistant had walked away a few hundred yards before she began to make a bee-line for her eggs, jumping from one rock to another in her hurry and seldom keeping us waiting more than five or six minutes, so that in a very short time we had made more than a dozen exposures on her. Yet the disturbance at this nest was enough to keep our bird of the previous day off her nest, as shown by the coldness of her eggs.

In all cases custom is a great factor. To pitch a tent ten or twelve feet from eggs and train the camera on them from inside on a windy day that causes the tent to quiver and belly and flap is to court disappointment, so that if only one day can be spared I am sure it is safer to work the concealed camera by tubing from a distance of forty or fifty feet. The complaint commonly advanced that the exposure is delayed so that the bird alters its position between the pressing of the ball and the release of the shutter is, I am certain, groundless. But if time can be spared to accustom the bird by pitching the tent close to the nest and leaving it there for a day or two before using it the task of photographing the oystercatcher becomes delightfully easy. This summer King, Willford and I took it in turns to be landed on a little island called Guthers in that bird paradise, the Scillies, and there left for the best part of a day in a shed of Willford's design five feet from the nest. In designing a hiding contrivance the tendency is to sacrifice too much to portability. It is all very fine to design a tent that only weighs a few pounds and can be carried on a bicycle and erected in two or three minutes, but what appeals to the bird is immobility. The sections of this shed of Willford's were light wooden frames like an artist's stretcher covered with thick, tightly-stretched canvas. A very few minutes spent in fitting them and fastening them together by

means of iron bolts and screws suffice to provide you with a very steady shed, five feet high by four feet wide and five feet long, with a little back door fastened from inside or out with a button.

After a few days' use of this shed the difficulty was not in getting the oyster-catcher on the eggs but in inducing the bird to leave for a few minutes so as to get her in some new position. Shouting, whistling, banging things about inside the shed soon failed to shake the bird's acquired confidence in the harmlessness of our proceedings, even putting one's bare hand outside, the shed and unscrewing the lens and replacing it by another had no effect on the bird five feet away, but opening the back door quietly and so scaring the surrounding terns from their eggs never failed to accomplish the desired object. Use blunts one's perception of most things. It was only when on different occasions I shared my tent with my friends, A. H. Patterson of Yarmouth and Frank Southgate of Wells, both of them ardent

bird-watchers, and heard their smothered ejaculations of delight at seeing their favourite birds wandering unconcernedly only a few feet from their eyes, that I realised what an advance such a hiding contrivance is over the usual method of observation with field-glasses. That the shed does not necessarily exercise any restraint over the bird's usual habits is evident when I say that on one occasion when Willford gave her a long period of

peace in the hope that, like the ringed-plover, the oyster-catchers relieve one another at short intervals and would thus give him a chance of getting both birds at the nest, the sitting bird actually put her beak under her wing coverts and settled down to sleep. But Willford's experience was that after a long wait the sitting bird went quietly off her eggs and down to where the male was watching and, after standing there a few yards apart for some ten minutes, the male, after shaking himself and stretching one wing and leg, came walking up to the eggs and took his turn at incubation. So in my watches the same bird sat continuously for three or four hours, except when I scared her off for a few minutes.

In the pair from which most of our illustrations were taken we managed to identify the sexes, through noticing that in one the black was rich and deep, while the other looked faded to a deep brown, and that the deep black on one occasion drove the deep brown to the eggs, from which we concluded that the deep black was in this case the male. Whether this difference in colour was due to difference in age of the birds or to the fact that the nuptial plumage had been assumed at an earlier date by the female, and so had really faded, we are unable to say. It does not follow that an oyster-catcher that puts its beak under its wing-covert is really asleep, for as Willford first observed, the female, when sulking in this way, for twenty minutes at a time as she stood on one leg on a rock by the water-side, could be seen through the glasses, though apparently asleep, to have one eye fixedly staring at the shed all the time.

The elusive pimpernel is no mean fighter when occasion arises. Once when working at greater black-backed gulls from a shed which proved to have been unwittingly placed within the sphere of influence of a pair of oyster-catchers with young, a tremendous row just outside the shed caused me to look out just in time to see a greater black-back finish swallowing something just as an oyster-catcher in a state of great excitement alighted in front of him. Its mandibles were working like two chop-sticks as it shrilled defiance at its great cold-blooded adversary.

The birds were within a yard of my peephole, and I do not know whether when in a rage the oyster-catcher's

red eyelids swell up, but they certainly seemed so and gave the finishing touch, so that he looked as evil and bloodthirsty as did E23 after Kim had given him the opium pills as a finishing touch to the hasty disguise in the train. The oyster-catcher not only looked bloodthirsty; the next instant the living fury flew at the great gull and stabbed him in the chest and, had his beak been that of a heron, there would have been an end to the gull. As it was he raised his wings and took to flight. I fear this was a tragedy in which perhaps because of the shed the protective resemblance of the young oyster-catcher failed for once. That it is no mean defence will be admitted by any who towards the end of June try to find among the rocks the offspring of a pair that are flying overhead noisily bidding them to "freeze," as Thompson Seton calls it. Although we knew that the youngsters must be within an area of about twenty yards each way, and although we quartered the ground carefully in the first place, Jim, the boatman, and I only after

four hours careful watching from a distance with binoculars, managed at last to discover the young figured here.

Owing to the law of libel and my evidence not being complete I will only hint at what looks like a scandal. But no one can watch oyster-catchers for long without becoming aware that in some nest-holds there is a third bird that turns up in times of trouble and seems acutely inter-

ested in the welfare of the family. I noticed on one occasion when the female had turned her back to them and was picking her way towards the eggs and myself, her spouse turned and drove the intruder away, which looks as if the intruder were a male. On the other hand Selous notes that in the whooper swan such an intruder was a female yearning after offspring of which she had previously been deprived by that ubiquitous pest, the collector, in Iceland.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.



F. Heatherley.

WITH TWO EGGS AND A YOUNG ONE.

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## TO AN OLD SWORD.

Come to my hand; yours is a goodly grip,  
Guarded with gold and silver filigree;  
So! Once you swung at some swashbuckler's hip,  
A boon denied to me.

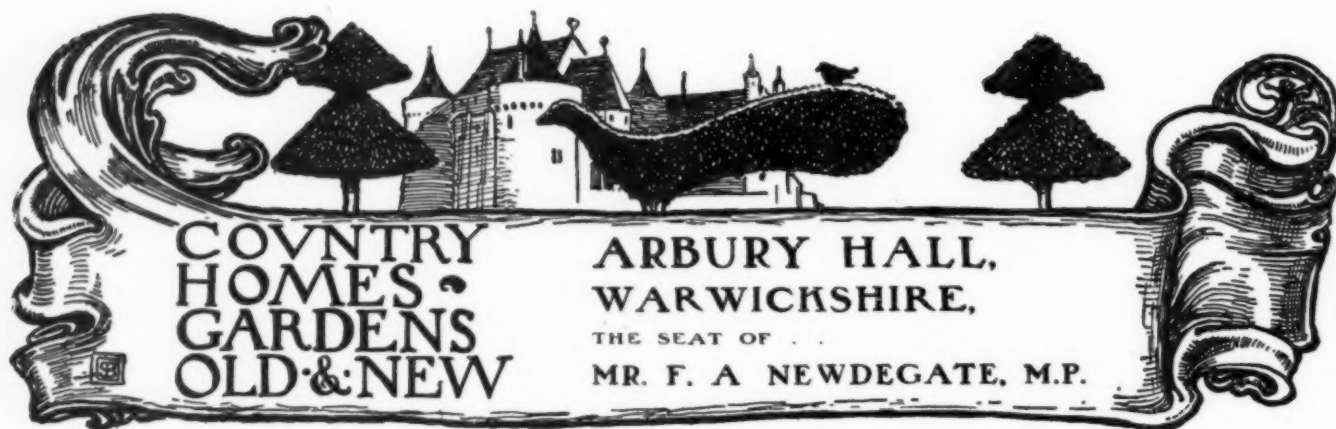
A trim, black leathern scabbard, here and there  
A dull blue turquoise, and a band of gold  
Circling your narrow mouth; such blades are rare—  
A gift from Spain of old.

What pedants were those rascals! Here is writ  
"Take me and strike!" in letters faint and worn;  
Aye, and much worldly wisdom lay in it  
When such as you were born.

But now! Your slender lines are marred with rust,  
Your princely temper useless, and in vain  
That valiant motto, for your lords are dust—  
Our nuts prefer a cane!

H. T. W. BOUSFIELD.





"**C**HEVEREL MANOR was growing from ugliness into beauty." Thus, imbued with Early Victorian taste, did George Eliot, in her "Scenes of Clerical Life," describe the transformation of Arbury from an original Elizabethan building to one of pseudo-Gothic type. But although Sir Roger Newdegate, who did this work during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, came a little nearer to mediæval forms and fashions than Horace Walpole, yet we should to-day wish that he had let well alone and allowed the home which his ancestor had acquired in 1586 to retain many more of its older features than appear in the accompanying illustrations. He was a remarkable man, who devoted much time and attention to the incipient revival of the "Gothick taste," so that what he did at Arbury is, with the rather earlier alterations at Laycock by Sanderson Miller and John Talbot, the most satisfactory and interesting output of the first act of the revolt against the domination of classic ideals. The Arbury of Sir Roger is, therefore, an asset in our architectural history, but it is an asset rather dearly paid for owing to the destruction it involved.

Dugdale's "Warwickshire" informs us that: "In Chilverscoton parish stood the Monasterie of Erdburie built in K. Henry 2 time by *Raphe de Sudley* for *Canons Regular* of *St. Augustine*." When the need of additional means to meet their lavish expenditure awoke the conscience of Henry VIII. and his great men to the irregularities of the religious houses, it was found that the gross income of Erdbury was £122 8s. 8d., and thus it was among the lesser foundations that were dissolved in 1536. Two years later "did *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suff. obtain it together with a multitude more of Monasterie Lands," but some while after his death it was sold to one of the lawyers who rose to office and wealth under Elizabeth. Edmund Anderson became a sergeant-at-law in 1577, and acquiring a judicial post in 1581, the strict Anglicanism he showed in his decisions against both Roman Catholics and Protestant dissenters commended him to Elizabeth and her advisers. Thus he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the following year. He is described to us as a sort of early edition of Lord Jeffries, using "many oaths and reproachful revilings on the bench" against those who showed Puritan



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REMAINS OF THE JACOBÆAN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

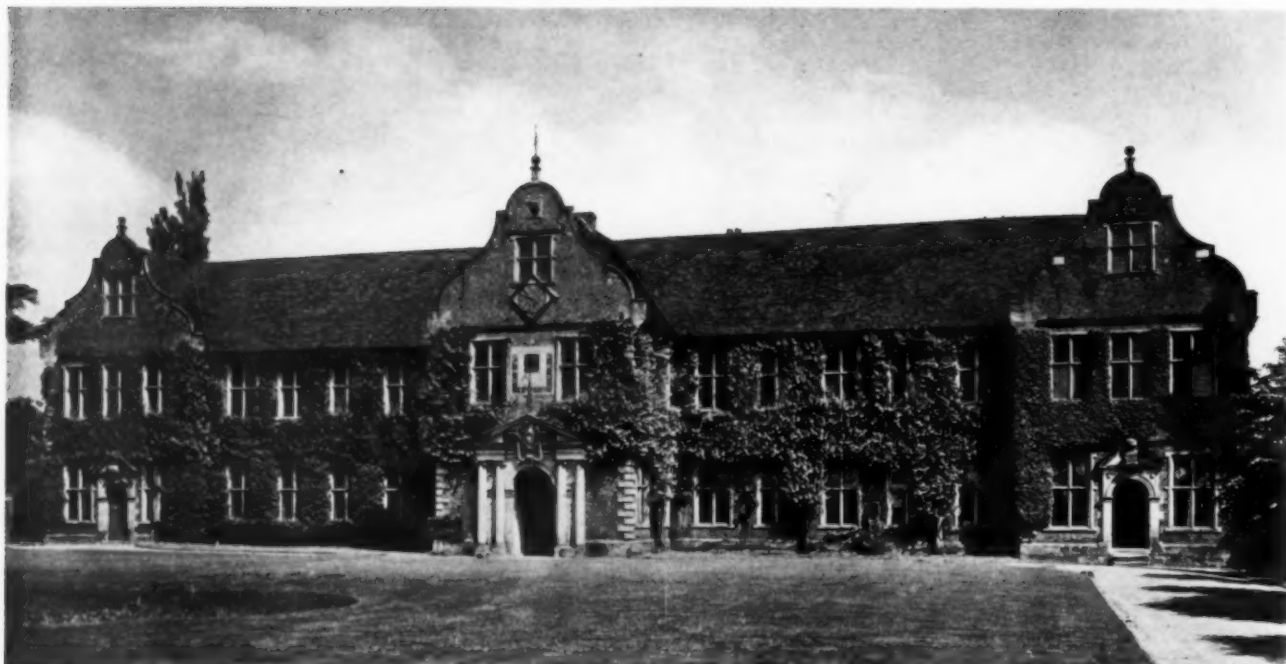




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SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE STABLES

"COUNTRY LIFE."

leanings, but of his courage, ability and quickness there is no doubt. At Arbury, as it came to be called, he "totally demolished the old fabrick of the House and Church, and built out of their ruins a very fair structure in a quadrangular form." As Chief Justice, however, he found it somewhat far from London, and therefore, in 1586, he exchanged it with John Newdegate for Harefield Place in Middlesex.

Newdegates were seated at Newdegate in Surrey certainly as early as the days of King John. A century and a half later a cadet of the house, who under Edward III. fought in France and received knighthood, acquired the Harefield Manor in right of his wife. His descendants improved their position by prudent marriages and the profit of the law, so that when John Newdegate made his exchange with Sir Edmund Anderson he yet retained an estate in Harefield Parish, whose church had been and was to remain the burial-place of the family.

Despite Sir Roger's "unswerving architectural purpose," there is enough of the older Arbury left to give us some idea of what the Elizabethan house was like. It remains a "fair structure in quadrangular form," but in the court a cloister-like corridor now runs round the four sides, giving convenient internal communication. The present dining-room, occupying the centre of the south side, is likely to have been the hall, with the offices lying west of it and the parlours to the east, much as they do now. The main entrance is to the north, and over it and the chapel next to it runs, in true Elizabethan manner, a long gallery, which retains its original mantel-piece and wainscoting, although we see Sir Roger's hand in the windows, ceiling and bookcases. The mantel-piece is not only a bold and big example of our Early Renaissance work, but is noticeable as evidencing the love of painted surfaces that then prevailed. The lower part is of stone painted to imitate grained marble, while the upper part, of oak, is decorated in a subdued colour scheme

Whether the gallery was fitted by Sir Edmund Anderson or left incomplete until the Newdegate occupation it is difficult to determine. The earliest object marking that occupation is, perhaps, the two-tier side table in the dining-room, which is illustrated. Together with the fleur-de-lys crest of the family there appears a shield bearing the initials "J. N. 1607" and the pansy badge of the Fittons. Now, the John Newdegate who acquired Arbury by exchange was succeeded by his son John in 1592, and his wife, of whom more than one portrait is preserved in the house, was Ann Fitton. He died three years after he had added the side table to the household furniture, and when his eldest son, another John, passed away childless in 1642, there followed a successful lawyer, who, by his position and his wealth, added much to the family prestige and enrolled it in the order of baronets.

Richard Newdegate, as Betham tells us in his "Baronetage," was at his brother's death "in high practice at the bar, which he continued with much reputation for his learning and integrity, and was advanced to the dignity of Sergeant at law." Keeping his eye on his profession and not allowing it to wander over the tempestuous field of civil strife, he was of those whom Cromwell made judges after he had established himself as Lord Protector. Soon, however, his strict view of constitutional law clashed with the exigencies of the unconstitutional position of the *de facto* head of the State. He acquitted "rebel" cavaliers on the ground that there was no law which made it high treason to levy war

against the Lord Protector. He ceased to be judge while Cromwell lived, but after his death was made Chief Justice of the Upper Bench. "Soon after," if we are to believe Betham, "his health being much impaired, he retired from business." But Betham wrote his account when the Commonwealth Judge's Tory great-grandson was head of the Arbury family. Hence the hiatus between the year 1659, when he administered republican justice,



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INTERIOR OF STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



and the year 1677, when the restored Stewart, at the instance of leading cavaliers whom he had favoured "in the time of usurpation," ordered a baronet's patent to be issued for him. What really happened in the interval was that his Chief Justiceship ceased with the Restoration, but he became one of the "old Sergeant's remade," returned to a lucrative practice, bought back the old family seat of Harefield and added Astley

Castle and manor to the Arbury estate. He was too busy, and perhaps too thrifty, to become a great builder, but the remarkably fine range of stables at Arbury dates from his time. While showing considerable classic feeling it yet retains the structural stone window mullions and the shaped and parapeted gables of our early Renaissance manner. Such, however, were still not unusual under the Commonwealth, so that while we need not accept the tradition that attributes the design to Inigo Jones, we may see his influence in the form of the dressed coigns, the narrowness and regularity of the window frames, the proportions of the end doorways, the round arched arcading of the hay-racks and the model chosen for the turning of the posts that divide the stalls. All is what we should expect from an owner succeeding in 1642, when he had reached "high practice at the bar" and continued in this lucrative course while cavalier and Parliament man fought



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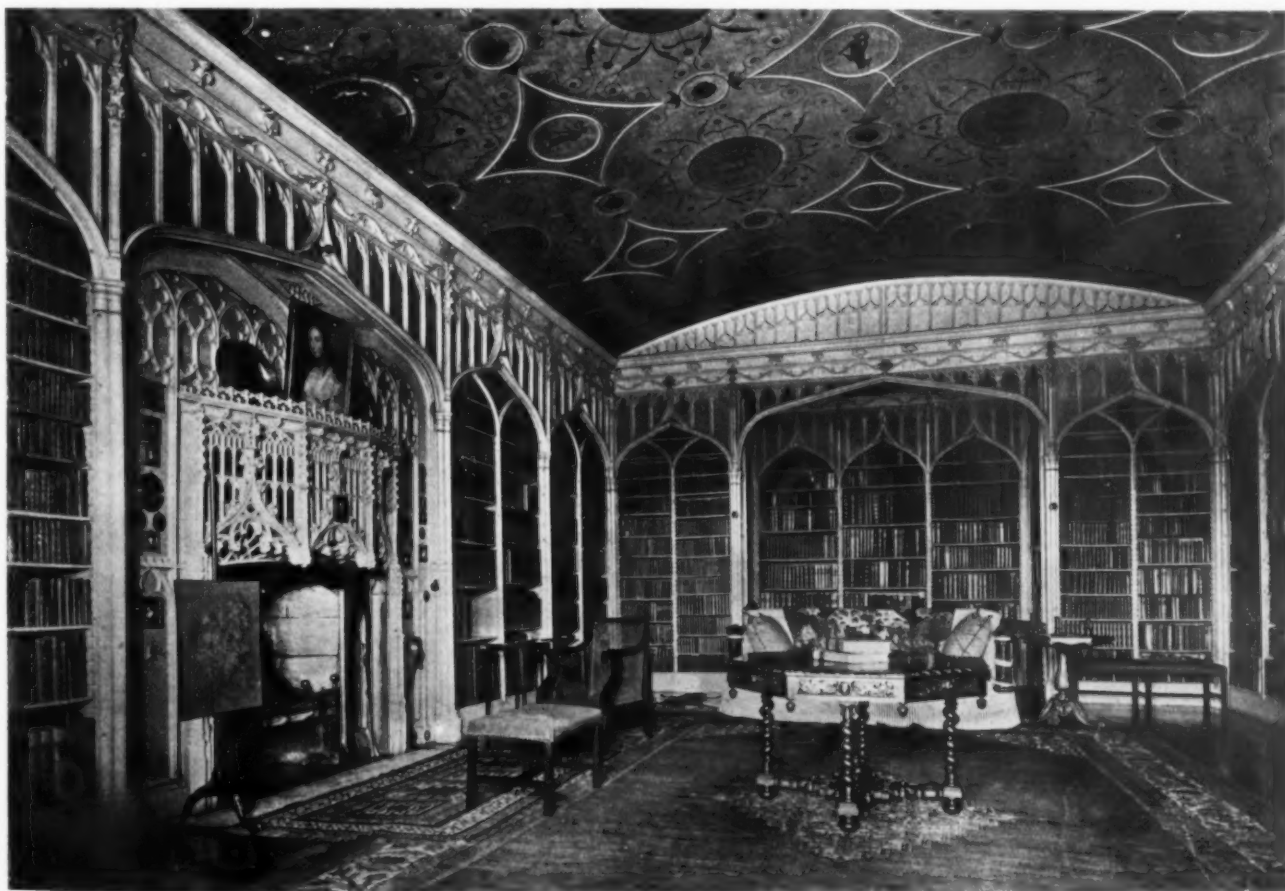
IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Arbury. In August, 1674, he writes to his "honored friend, Richard Newdigate," the second, that he has sent him a design for his "porch, and hopes it will fit his worke," but if too large or too little he need only make a new scale for it. Evidently the design did not "fit," because it required larger stones than were at hand, so that three months later there comes a rather snappy letter from the architect whose task of rebuilding churches and other London buildings after the Fire gave him little leisure to attend to trifles even for "honored friends":

I received your letter and have endeavoured to observe your commands by sending another design wherein the stones will be of somewhat lesse scantlings and the shield will be weathered, but I believe your workmen are such as can read in noe booke but their own, otherwise much of that stone of which you sent me a note might have been employed in the first design, but this second design will employ most of the same stone if a man of Judgement manage it. I have noe more at present, but my humble service and thanks for your favours.

Sir I am, your most humble Servant, CHR. WREN.



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THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Whether the aged lawyer's son also consulted the same authority in the matter of the chapel is not known, but the work in it seems to have been more or less complete when his father died in October 1678, since the bill for its carved wainscoting was received in the following month by the second Sir Richard. From it we learn that only 10s. each was charged for "the strings of fruite with Cherubims heads," while 8s. 6d. is the cost of the cherub head and drapery over the organ frame. Written on the bundle of bills in the handwriting of Sir Roger, the fifth and last baronet, is the note, "Arbury Chapel by Gibbons," but there is no documentary proof that Grinling Gibbons had anything to do with it, except that the writing on the bills is like his, but the character of the

design and execute the marble tomb of his first wife in Harefield Church, and also that of another relation at Ashted in Surrey. A memorandum as to the latter, signed by Sir Richard and Gibbons, is preserved at Arbury. The monument was to be five feet high and three feet wide, "the Table to be of White Marble wth black Letters & all the rest to be of Allyblaster." In an autograph letter, typical of his curious Anglo-Dutch manner of spelling, Gibbons, referring chiefly to the Harefield monument, thanks the Baronet for his "great faver and extrorñey ponuallity" in sending him fifty pounds, and adds, in the margin of the sheet of paper, "my wiffe begs her sarvis to the Lades and youer honred sealf," which shows that there was a family acquaintance as well as a business relationship. This Harefield monument is the first whereon the spelling of the family name is changed to Newdigate, a spelling which continued until the death of Sir Roger in 1806.

If it is uncertain who wrought the Arbury Chapel woodwork, there is no such doubt as to its plaster ceiling and door-lock. In 1678 an agreement was entered into between Richard Newdegate the second and "Edward Martyn of the City of London, Plaisterer," whereby the said Martyn undertakes to "sell the chappell at Arbury with frettworke seelling" for the sum of £39. A glance at the illustrations will show that, even at the then value of money, the charge seems small for the sumptuous result. The main ceiling—apart from the organ recess, which is not included in this estimate—covers an area of eighteen feet by thirty-six feet, and is almost richer in ornamentation than the similar one in the chapel at Belton in Lincolnshire. All the scrollwork and wreathing are of the finest type, and the graceful swags dispersed about the great hollow moulding or "cavetto" deserve particular attention. I have discovered nothing more as to Martyn. The plasterers chiefly employed by Wren for all similar work in London churches were Doogood and Grove.

The door-lock bears its author's signature. "John Wilkes de Birmingham fecit" is engraved at the base of the beautiful pierced and chased brass plate, representing a vase—in which is the keyhole—out of which spring flowers and foliage, neatly filling up a square. The door hinges and bolts are charmingly wrought in the same manner. Equally fine brass



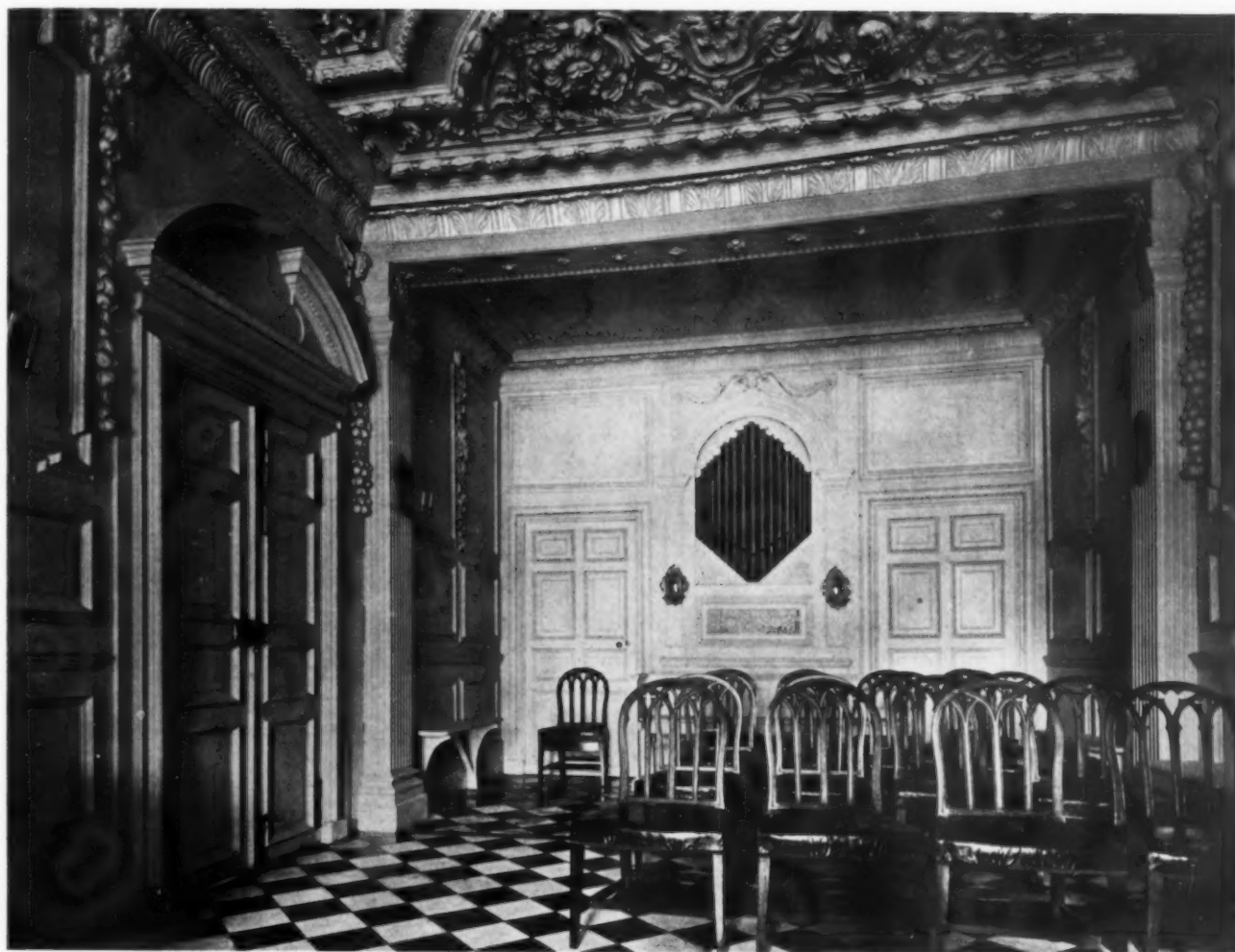
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THE GALLERY CHIMNEYPiece.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

work is against the assumption, though somewhat similar in style. It closely resembles, in scheme and execution, the wall linings in the chapel at Farnham Castle, introduced there by Bishop Morley six years earlier, and, while perfect as a decorative design and well wrought, it has not the airy touch and dexterity of execution which Gibbons and his copyists achieved. The only carvings in the Arbury Chapel that are in his manner are the two drops dividing the panels in the organ recess. They have no cherubim heads, but the fruit and flowers are treated with much greater naturalness than elsewhere. Apart from the loose habit of attributing all English wood-carvings of this period to Gibbons, there was the additional excuse for connecting his name with the Arbury Chapel that fifteen years later the second Sir Richard did employ him to

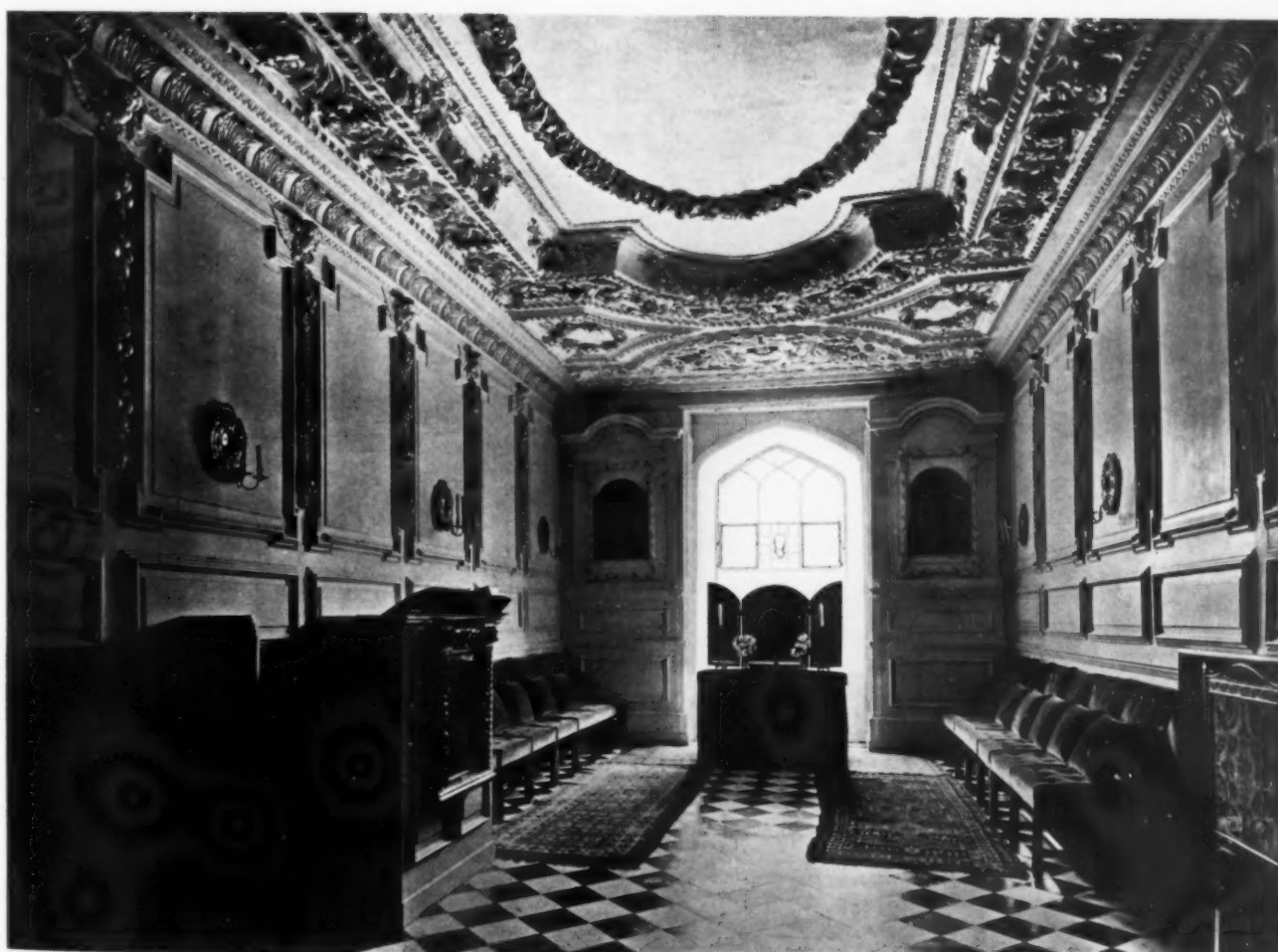
door furniture occurs at Belton, but there the lock has chased ornamentation only. William III. was much taken with the fine locksmith's work he found in England, and not only used locks of this character at Hampton Court, but gave them to the owners of Knole and of Zulestein, where they may yet be seen. Simpler but yet excellent brass handles and plates of this period occur plentifully on the doors at Arbury, although, as in the saloon, the doors themselves may be in Sir Roger's "Gothick manner." To his time we must now bring down our story, for little seems to have been done between the chapel alterations of 1678 and his drastic treatment of the house a century later, except the addition of fine ironwork, such as the gates from the entrance side to the stable yard. As the arms on the overthrow are those of



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THE DOOR AND ORGAN END OF THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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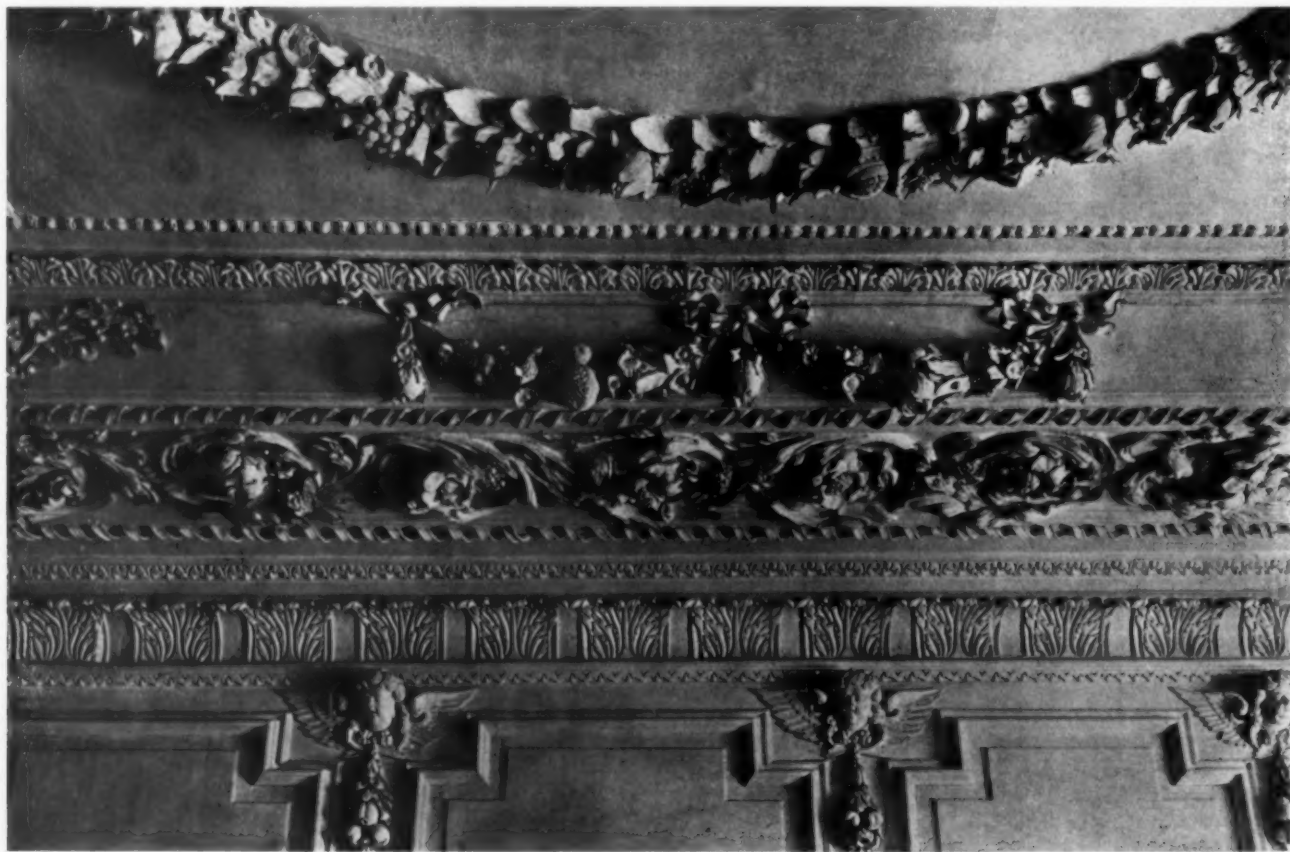
THE CHAPEL CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Newdegate impaling Twisden, they must date between 1711, when the third Sir Richard took Elizabeth Twisden as his second wife, and 1727, when he died. By her he had seven sons, but only three survived him. Seven years later the two elder of these had likewise passed away, and Roger the youngest, then a lad of fourteen at Westminster School, succeeded

to the baronetcy and the family estates, which he held for seventy-two years.

Sir Roger Newdegate is best remembered as the founder of the Oxford prize poem called after him, but he was in various other ways also a benefactor to his University, and for twenty years represented it in Parliament. After his undergraduate

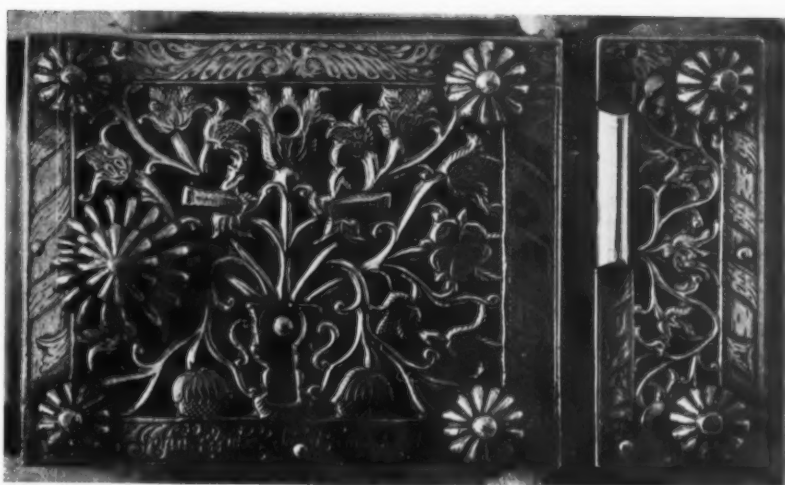


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DETAIL OF CHAPEL WAINSCOTING AND CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

days he travelled in France and Italy, making many sketches of ancient buildings and collecting marbles and casts. Returning in 1742, he, as lord of Harefield, first entered Parliament as a Knight of the Shire for Middlesex, and the following year married a daughter of Edward Conyers of Copped Hall. Soon afterwards that noble Elizabethan house was pulled down by his brother-in-law, but not before Sir Roger had made a drawing of one of its sumptuously wainscoted rooms. At first he resided much at Harefield, but after he became a widower and paid a second visit to Italy, Arbury monopolised his attention, and he proceeded to remodel it in accordance with his Gothic proclivities. It is curious that two sojourns in Italy and the knowledge of its buildings which his sketches imply turned him away from the classic ideals which still prevailed among his contemporaries. Nor can we quite accept George Eliot's view that, owing to his project of metamorphosing Arbury, he was, during his second stay in Italy, "bent on studying the details of that marble miracle," Milan Cathedral. No doubt it came in for a share of his attention, but Henry VII.'s Chapel and other fifteenth century English examples were evidently his models. Of course, George Eliot was writing fiction, and her Sir Christopher Cheverel was not bound to act and think precisely as did Sir Roger Newdegate. The latter was certainly not accompanied to Italy in 1773 by "his lady," for Sophia Conyers died before he left England, and he did not take Hester Mundy as his second wife until 1778. A dozen years later is set down in "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" as the date of the completion of Arbury and the setting up of the well known portraits of Sir Roger and Lady Newdegate on the walls of the just decorated saloon. But in reality we find Lady Newdegate sitting to Romney in 1790, and it is not till 1794 that both portraits are sent down to Arbury and the



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LOCK ON THE CHAPEL DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

saloon is ready to receive them. Even then Sir Roger has not quite finished with bricks and mortar, for in 1797 his wife writes to him that she is glad to get news of the "progress of Towers," but annoyed that his workmen have gone off to



A TWO-TIER TABLE IN THE DINING-ROOM.



THE CABINET MADE FOR ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

"nasty Astley Wake." Such are the only references to the great changes going on at Arbury in the published volume containing her letters. Was it, indeed, the dirt and discomfort thus occasioned that was partly responsible for her often leaving her husband to his own devices at Arbury, or was this, as the letters imply, entirely caused by her solicitude for her health and her profound belief in the curative value of watering-places? She continued her visits to them up to her death in 1800 at Arbury, where Sir Roger placidly spent his years as an octogenarian, still contriving improvements for which he made sketches. And though, in answer to an invitation from a neighbour to come to him for an expected visit of the King in 1805, he writes that "in my 87th year I am neither fit nor able to join the splendid Court at Packington," he is full of interest in the event, and of a desire to help in the entertainment with his "tolerable Crop of Peaches, Nectarines & Grapes & Pines." Next year the curtain fell, but not long after his death there was born to his estate bailiff, living within the precincts of the park, a daughter who listened to all the tales about him and his doings, and eventually gave us the picture of his home life to which reference has been made. As he left Arbury, so in all essentials it remains now. Of the older house he left nothing showing outside, but of its character we gain some inkling from the Elizabethan bay windows that hang over the lily-decked pond. They, and the wall they are in, now merely form a screen to an office yard, but were, no doubt, originally part of the main



structure. They had, however, to give way to the arched and traceried apertures which, with crocketed finials, carved turrets and embellished panels, form the decorative features of Sir Roger's elevations. He certainly took pains to study Gothic architecture, but an eighteenth century mind could not clothe itself in the mediæval spirit, and there is therefore no approach to mediævalism about Arbury, despite the free use of Gothic ornament. The rooms are eighteenth century rooms disposed in eighteenth century manner, although the ceilings may have fan tracery, the bookcases ogival arches and the mantel-pieces traceried panels. The effort to be completely Gothic broke down not merely as regards the furnishing and get-up, but even in the decoration. The library, where the mantel-piece of carved wood is wonderfully crisp and almost mediæval in its touch, has the slightly curved ceiling that Robert Adam affected, decorated in full Roman manner. In the dining-room, elaborately canopied niches contain classic sculpture. From the pendentives of the fan vaulting hang eighteenth century glass chandeliers of extremely fine type, while the stove—a sort of hooded basket grate—despite the effort to trim it gothically, has essentially the form and ornament of the Adam period. It is of most excellent workmanship, and stands nearly six feet high to the top of the surmounting acorn. Sir Roger took great pains about it, and sent a sketch of what he wished it to be to the makers, Messrs. Oldham, Oldham and Co., of the Patent Stove Warehouse in Holborn. They write in July, 1801, that as it is "out of the common line of business" it will require special tools to make it, and they cannot quote the exact price, but it will be between sixty and eighty guineas. Six months later the bill is sent in as follows:

A handsome highly finished Steel Stove fitted up in the Gothic taste to instructions with bronzed Copper dome ornamented with plated metal chased and pierced in the Gothic style—Bronzed Copper corners in front ornamented with pierced plated work—Gothic points &c—4 plated pinnacles on arches chased with Gothic leaves—straight frame fire and rumford reflecting Blowers .. .. .	69 - 0 - 0
A Large Gothic Steel Fender to match and a set of Casehardened Shovel poker and tongs with silver pinnacle heads to match stove .. .. .	14 - 9 - 6
A Leather Skin and Brush .. .. .	3 - 6
2 Very Strong Cases and Package with Oil Cloth to prevent injury by wet .. .. .	2 - 18 - 6
	86 - 11 - 0

It was to be sent from London by Pickford's waggon, directed to be forwarded by way of the Coventry Canal. Of this canal Sir Roger was a promoter, and from it he cut a private canal to join it to his colliery near Arbury—no doubt the source of wealth which enabled him to reconstruct his house. The saloon was the culmination of his efforts. Extreme richness was evidently his aim, and he succeeded in it. To-day we are apt to turn away from this seething sea of Gothic plaster-work and rest the eye upon the full-length portraits of early Newdegates and upon Romney's canvases of Sir Roger and his second wife. Our attention is likewise arrested by a fine set of marquetric chairs and other good eighteenth century furniture. One piece, however, though placed on a stand of Queen Anne's date, belongs to the first half of the seventeenth century, and is of extreme interest, as being probably the earliest English-made cabinet to which we can assign a definite date. Its chief decoration consists of panels supported by winged cherubim and surmounted by broken pediments. In the break of these are cartouches of arms representing Laud impaling London and London impaling Laud respectively. The cabinet therefore must have been made for Laud before he became Archbishop in 1633, but after he was translated to the See of London in 1628. In design it closely resembles the mantel-pieces in the buildings which he was at this same time erecting at St. John's College, Oxford, and will be by the same designer; but whether that designer was or was not Inigo Jones cannot be definitely established. The cabinet is made of cedar, or of some wood of similar grainless texture but less red in colour, and the carving of the boys' heads and other details is delicate for the date, while the design is thoughtful and reserved. Its front opens as double doors to give access to forty-seven drawers, suggesting its use as a receptacle for medals, intaglios or jewels. It was not at Arbury in Sir Roger's day. Dying childless in 1806, Arbury went to a relative in the female line, who took the name of Newdegate. To him in due course succeeded Charles Newdegate Newdegate, so well known for over forty years as the Tory member for Warwickshire. The Parliamentary traditions of the family are continued by Mr. Francis

Newdegate, who succeeded in 1902, and sits for North Warwickshire. Politics, however, do not wholly engross his attention. The house and grounds of Arbury, its pictures and furniture, its library with its Shakespeare folios, its muniment room with the Wren letters and family records, are all known to him down to the smallest detail, and receive from him that full measure of care and study which only a combination of affection and intelligence can engender.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## A HEATHLAND . . . BROOM-TIER.

THE mossy thatch of the low-roofed cottage beside the turf pits blends imperceptibly with the russet surface of the heath, so that from a little distance the cottage has the appearance of a natural hillock amid a wilderness of heather and furze. Its clay walls have weathered to an earthen hue, and to pass through its low doorway into a dimly lighted room where a peat fire smoulders on the hearth is like entering a small cavern in which some recluse with troglodyte tendencies has made his home. No dwelling could be more in harmony with its surroundings; it seems as much a part of them as the field-mouse's burrow beneath the bent-grass and the linnets' nest amid the whins. The grass grows on its thatch almost as freely as on the ground, the grey-green fronds of the bracken unfold beneath its windows, and on stormy days its walls are tapped and scratched by the straggling branches of bird-sown, wind-trained thorns.

The solitary inmate of the cottage, like the cottage itself is in keeping with his environment. An elderly man, tall, sinewy, with grey beard, darker eyebrows and alert brown eyes, his looks and movements suggest the watchfulness and shyness of a startled hare. Clad in a suit of tightly fitting corduroy, soft leather leggings and a home-made cap of moleskin, when abroad on the heath he might rely, like a partridge or a sand-grouse, on protective colouration to render him almost invisible. Everything about him proclaims the heath-dweller as plainly as flour dust does the miller and soot the chimney-sweep. Encountered away from the heather and whins, he would convey, even to a casual observer, an impression of wind-swept wastes of tawny moorland, while anyone familiar with heathland life would at once associate him with memories of the lurid light and pungent smell of swaling fires and recollections of lonely men creeping homeward at sunset, their backs bent beneath the weight of faggots of furze.

The heath seems to have followed him into the cottage, filling it with the fragrance of blossoming gorse and wild thyme. In the corners of the room there are heaps of sun-dried heather and bundles of planty bramble withes; branches of furze, lying beside the hearth, will serve at any time to quicken the smouldering peat fire into cheerful blaze; and all around the low wooden bench on which the heathman is seated the floor is littered with wiry twigs and crumbling fragments of ling. To-day one might travel hundreds of miles in England without finding another such cottage workshop, for the heathman still carries on the almost obsolete industry of making heather brooms.

He takes a kind of melancholy pride in being the only broom-maker or "broom-tier" surviving in the district and, perhaps, in the county. "Parson tell me," he says, "that there baint another broom-tier for miles and miles around. He knows it for sure, 'cause he's looked in a big book where th' names of all folks, 'cepting them as has no trade, are set down in plain print just as they are on th' papers what you see put outside th' church door. There is 'broom-tier' in it in big letters, and undernean it mine is th' only name. Years ago, in my young time, there were eight or nine men and boys who got a living out of th' heth by broom-tying, furze-cutting, peat-cutting, gathering rushes for candle-wicks and such-like, but I'm th' only one of 'em as is left. Th' others are all dead or gone away. Th' cottages they lived in stood empty till they went to rack and ruin, and now all you can see of 'em is their groundsels (foundations) in th' brakes (bracken). Yes, they all had peat fires burning in 'em and kep' 'em burning for years. Coal was hardly ever seen about here, 'cepting in th' parson's and th' farmers' housen, until th' railway was made.

"Peat-cutting Day, th' first of May, was a regular fair day with us when I was a boy. Every common holder had th' right to cut five thousand turves or 'hovers,' as we called 'em, and there was always a race from th' cross-roads to th' turf pits, th' first man to get there having th' first chyce of ground. We all met at th' cross-roads soon after midday, and th' race was started by firing a gun. Old men and old women had young men run for 'em and sometimes a young mawther (girl) would join in just for th'

fun of it. One year one of 'em bet (beat) all th' men and boys. As soon as th' first runner got to th' pits he marked out with his spade where he meant to cut his hovers, and no one else could dig in that part of th' pit that year. Sixty faggots of furze was also allowed to each man for fire-lighting, and they had to be cut in September or October.

While the broom-tier talks of old heathland days and ways he sits astride of his low wooden bench and makes a heather broom. Picking up a handful of long, wiry heather stalks, he straightens them in a bunch across his knees, laying each stalk with the flowering end towards his left hand. Over his right shoulder and under his left arm hangs the loop of a short stout rope, the loose end of which is wound once around the stalks and secured to an iron hook screwed to the bench. Then, by leaning backward, he tightens the rope around the heather, which he works to and fro until it is compressed into a close, faggot-like bunch. The broom is now ready for "tying." This is done by winding long, pliant bonds of split bramble around the middle and root ends of the bunch and pressing the ends of the bonds into the midst of the stalks, which are forced apart by means of a heavy, pointed iron "needle." By the time that the heads of the ethnographical departments of our museums recognise that at least as much interest attaches to the implements that were used in carrying on certain obsolete English industries as to the Papuan war-clubs and negroes' nose-rings, the bench, shoulder-rope and iron needle of the broom-tier will deserve preservation. And with them should be kept one of the curious comb-like tools with which the broom-tier "piths" his split brambles.

W. A. DUTT.

## THE WILD CATTLE AT CHILLINGHAM.

THE famous wild cattle at Chillingham have been so often painted and described that little remains to be said about them. Yet they are of perennial interest, and



A CHALLENGE.

the park itself is a noble one and well worthy of a visit. It extends over 11,000 acres, of which a considerable part is



ONE OF THE COWS.





THE "KING BULL."

woodland, and the whole is beautifully undulated. Sir Edward Landseer's pictures and the well-known description by George Culley have made the appearance of the animals familiar. It would appear, however, that they have changed in some

important points during the centuries. From a passage in the Account Book of William Taylor, steward of Chillingham, dated 1692, which is given in "The Border Holds of Northumberland" by Cadwallader Bates, there seems to have been a mixture

in the herd. The passage is as follows: "Beasts in ye Parke, my Lord's—16 white wilde beasts, 2 black steeres and a quy, 12 white read and black eard, 5 blacke oxen and browne one, 2 oxen from Wark June last." The point to be particularly noticed is that there were white, red and black eared among them. On this point Mr. Lydekker says that "whereas the ears of the Chillingham cattle are now red, in former days they were generally black." He makes a reference to Thomas Bewick, who, in his "General History of Quadrupeds," of which the first edition was published in 1790, stated that in his time a few of these cattle had black ears, while in 1692 says Mr. Lydekker, black ears were in the ascendancy. George Culley, writing in 1786, describes the wild habits of the cattle in a manner that would apply at the present moment. Thus when the cows calve they hide their young just as such a wild animal as the hare does, and if the little beasts



THE OUTCAST (THE DEPOSED KING BULL).

are taken by surprise they cower down on the ground to conceal themselves in the same way as rabbits do, or like hares in a forme. Another writer, Mr. Hindmarsh, writing in 1839, dwells on the same wild characteristics. He says: "They hide their young, feed in the night, basking or sleeping during the day; they are fierce when pressed, but generally speaking, very timorous, moving off on the approach of anyone, even at a great distance." The late Lord Tankerville pressed the same point. After dwelling on these traits to which we have alluded, he said: "They are fierce when pressed, but, generally speaking, very timorous, moving off on the appearance of anyone, even at a great distance; yet this varies very much in different seasons of the year, and according to the manner in which they are approached. In summer I have been for several weeks at a time without getting a sight of them—they, on the slightest appearance of anyone, retiring into a wood which serves them as a sanctuary. On the other hand, in winter, when coming down for food into the inner park, and being in constant contact with people, they will let you almost come among them, particularly if on horseback. But then they have also a thousand peculiarities. They will be sometimes feeding quietly, when, if anyone appears suddenly near them, they will be struck with a sudden panic and gallop off, running one over the other, and never stopping till they get into their sanctuary. It is observable of them, as of red deer, that they have a peculiar faculty of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, so that on being disturbed they may traverse the whole park, and yet you hardly get a sight of them. Their usual mode of retreat is to get up slowly, set off at a walk, then a trot, and seldom begin to gallop till they have put the ground between you and them in the manner that I have described." Lord Tankerville gave a description of them which could scarcely be bettered. He said: "They have short legs, straight backs, horns of a very fine texture, thin skin, so that some of the bulls appear of a cream colour; and they have a peculiar cry, more like that of a wild beast than that of ordinary cattle. With all the marks of high breeding, they have also some of its defects; they are bad breeders, and are much subject to the 'rash'—a complaint common to animals bred in-and-in, which is unquestionably the case with these as long as we have any record of them. When they come down into the lower part of the park, which they do at stated hours, they move like a regiment of cavalry, in single file, the bulls leading the van; and when they are in retreat the bulls bring up the rear. Lord Ossulston was

witness to a curious way in which they took possession, as it were, of some new pasture recently laid open to them. It was in the evening about sunset. They began by lining



A YOUNG BULL.

the front of a small wood, which seemed quite alive with them, when all of a sudden they made a dash forward all together in a line, and, charging close by him across the plain, they then spread out, and after a little time began feeding." It is generally



SIGNS OF COMING STRIFE.

said of other herds of wild cattle that they have suffered from in-breeding, but this does not seem to be the case at Chillingham. In the course of an article in COUNTRY LIFE of March 8th,



1913, it was said on authority that "The decrease in size owing to in-breeding is not noticeable, but Lord Tankerville has a pair of cow's horns of the sixteenth century which are somewhat larger and more curved back; but then the cows and steers have always longer horns than the bulls." This point was dwelt upon by Mr. Hindmarsh, who visited Chillingham in June, 1838. "It is remarkable," he wrote, "that during the thirty-three years Mr. Cole has been keeper he has perceived no alteration in their size or habits from in-breeding, and that at the present time they are equal in every point to what they were when he first knew them. About half a dozen have had small brown or blue spots upon the cheeks and necks; but these, with any defective ones, were always destroyed."

In the course of a very full and accurate account of the cattle which Mr. Millais wrote for his "Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," he makes the remark that "there seems to be but little evidence of the continuous existence of this herd since its beginning." Here is a point that might to great advantage be worked out. In State Papers and other documents it is not unusual to find references to the herd, and, probably, if an antiquarian like the late Mr. Bates had devoted his attention to it, he might possibly have been able to supply a series of references going through the centuries. Many of them were bound to be of an extremely casual character. Indeed, not till recent times has the very great importance of the breed been recognised. Nowadays, the most learned of the zoologists of Germany, Austria and France have studied these cattle in every minute detail, and many able articles have been written about them in their scientific journals. Little, however, has been added to the data already collected and set out by the writers from whom we have quoted. The man who is no specialist but loves wild life of every kind will be delighted by a visit to Chillingham. It lies on the outside of the wild Cheviots, and the Park has been made a sanctuary of by many wild things in addition to the cattle. The owls hoot there all night, and thousands of birds frequent the rough woodlands by day. It is considered that the ground was imparked early in the thirteenth century, and it remains to-day probably very much the same as it was then.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE

### AN EAGLE PROSECUTION.

**A**N interesting case under the Wild Birds Protection Act was reported from Inverary, where a head-stalker was charged with having in his possession a young golden eagle during the latter half of June. The facts in connection with the case were somewhat unusual, for the young eagle was destined for the new Zoological Gardens in Edinburgh, and the owner of the forest on which the eagles bred had given his permission for the eaglet to be removed. The defendant pleaded guilty to a technical breach of the law, but in ignorance that such a law existed. For the defence it was stated that the offence had been committed under very exceptional circumstances, and the sheriff, in view of the fact that there had been no pecuniary gain to the accused, dismissed him with an admonition.

### SUPPOSED DECREASE OF THE EAGLE.

For the prosecution it was asserted that the golden eagle was fast becoming extinct, though, from my own personal observations, I am unable to support such a view. The eagle will never become plentiful, it is true; but the day of his disappearance is far off. It should, nevertheless, be put on record that the past two seasons have been unfortunate ones as regards the eagles of my acquaintance. Last year only a couple of pairs of eagles out of at least seven under observation succeeded in bringing off their young, and this season I have seen only a single eaglet. In two of the cases I imagine the eggs must have been removed. In a third instance the eagle, who last year had her eyrie burnt down through a heather fire running up the face of the rock on which the nest was situated, had a second misfortune befall her during the past spring. She had constructed an eyrie in an ancient Scots pine immediately adjoining the tree where she—or a predecessor—had been formerly in the habit of nesting; but not long after incubation was commenced the nest collapsed, part of it, with the two eggs, falling to the ground. It is possible that the eagle may have laid a second clutch, but up to the present nothing has been seen of the young. On the Cairngorm hills the eagle is, during most seasons, a familiar sight, soaring high over hill and corrie; but it is, I think, a fact worthy of mention that not on a single occasion have I seen the eagle in this district during the past six weeks.

### SOARING POWERS OF THE RAVEN.

Though in the eastern and central districts of Scotland the raven is a visitor of sufficient rarity to justify the chronicling of

his appearance, he is still met with in the western forests, where he is more or less immune from persecution. A few weeks back, while making the ascent of Ben Nevis, I had a very fine view of a family of ravens near the hilltop, at an altitude of four thousand feet. The birds, seven in number, and consisting of what I took to be a brood of the season, treated me to an exhibition of soaring which could not have been excelled even by the eagle himself. Though there was an almost complete absence of wind, the ravens time after time sailed high into the air and stooped earthward with wings tightly closed in true eagle fashion. Ultimately they alighted on a spur of the hill and commenced to feed on what I imagined must be a species of larva or beetle. On Ben Nevis the raven may be said to be numerous, and is partly, I believe, attracted to the locality from the fact that a considerable amount of refuse from the summit observatory was thrown down the precipices which fringe the plateau to the northward.

### PTARMIGAN IN 1913.

The unfortunate ptarmigan (or tarmachan of the Gaels) have such a combination of circumstances against them that a favourable nesting-time with them is an extreme rarity. But I think that the present year has been a specially disastrous one. To begin with, the winter was severe, and it was not until late May that the hills were free of snow. Even toward the end of that month a friend of mine, who was engaged in building a line of butts on high grouse ground, found the ground still frozen hard a little distance below the surface—a fact which speaks for itself. A succession of gales from a westerly point accompanied by driving snow, must have destroyed many nests, and probably a certain number of adult birds into the bargain, for I have rarely, if ever, seen so few ptarmigan on the high grounds. Possibly, also, disease has attacked them, as it has attacked their relatives, the red grouse, but it has not as yet, I think, been determined whether ptarmigan suffer from the strongyle worm. During a week's camping above the three thousand feet level early in July I saw only two ptarmigan broods. One of these broods, which I found on July 10th, consisted of six young birds, which could have been only a day or two old at the time. On July 25th a brood was seen on Ben MacDhui, composed of birds so small that they lacked even sense to hide behind the nearest rock, and this is one of the earliest methods of self-preservation adopted by the mountain grouse. Even at the time of writing (August 17th) many ptarmigan chicks are far from being full-grown, and where broods have been reared they are, as a rule, small. Last week I saw one mother ptarmigan with only one young, and another pair with two. It is the exception rather than the rule for ptarmigan to come through their nesting season without experiencing at least one snowfall. This year on July 6th and 7th, a heavy fall of snow was experienced on the higher hills, and was blown into wreaths by a strong north-east wind, some of the wreaths still remaining on Braeriach ten days after their formation. From that period onwards, however, ptarmigan have had nothing to complain of as regards weather conditions. Little rain has fallen even on the highest grounds, and a considerable amount of sunshine has occurred. On August 14th, at an altitude of four thousand three hundred feet, I watched for some time three ptarmigan, two males and a female, on the plateau of Ben MacDhui. The weather was sultry, with an absence of wind, and the birds refused to take wing, contenting themselves with running along the ground in front of me. The differences in plumage between the sexes lay in the colour of the cock's back and the lighter feathers on his breast, whereas the hen was most marked on the breast. The cock was of a dark lichen grey much lighter on the back, and already many of the young white feathers of the winter plumage were pushing through. The hen's breast feathers were of a striking yellow, almost golden, shade. The legs were thickly feathered and white.

### A RECORD DROUGHT ON DEESIDE.

From mid-June to the beginning of this month the weather was almost rainless, and the result was that the Dee reached the dead low summer level, and in the upper parts of its course fell below even the hitherto record mark of 1868. In the Larig Ghru, a few miles from its source, the river is considerably lower than in 1911, and this despite the fact that the Garbhchoire still holds an extensive snow-field which caused a rise of over an inch in the water during warm weather on August 15th. The eastern and north-eastern corries of all the high hills hold more snow than I ever remember having noted during previous Augusts, and above Loch Avon is a field some three hundred yards in length and, at the centre, quite fifty feet in depth. Notwithstanding the past dry weather, the grass at the high levels was luxuriant, and stags are fast coming into condition.

SETON GORDON.

# ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

## SUCCESSFUL LATE BEGINNERS.

**I**N the dim past there lived a critic who delivered himself of the opinion that golf was "an old man's game." No doubt he was contemporary with the authority who advised his friends that only Government officials and other wealthy people could afford to go in for golf because the ponies were so expensive. In these enlightened days the game of the links is understood, and, by its devotees who took to it comparatively late in life, nothing is comprehended more clearly than the fact that the greatest evidence of a misspent youth is an infinite capacity for missing drives and fozzling approaches. In nine cases out of ten proficiency comes only to the person who lays a foundation for it when he is in his 'teens. There are times when the late beginner surprises himself by his brilliancy, but his bad days are more frequent than his good ones, and hopeful though he may be in the hour of darkness, there lurks in his system a painful suspicion that he is fated to eke out a life of chronic golfing mediocrity. After a round in which he has muffed nearly all his tee shots and socketed most of his approaches, his ambition to be a champion topples down like a house of cards.

To this long-suffering soul, the victory of Mr. C. A. Palmer in the Irish Open Amateur Championship at Dollymount last week ought to come as a peal of encouragement and a replenisher of confidence. Here was a man who took up golf at the age of thirty-six, practising and progressing year in and year out until, at the age of fifty-five, he won a tournament in which his rivals included some of the most brilliant young players of the day, such as Mr. Lionel Munn, Mr. Gordon Lockhart, Lord Charles Hope and the Hon. Michael Scott. It may be that all people of fifty or more do not possess the zeal and aptitude for games which Mr. Palmer enjoys, but it is clear that, while golf, like other forms of sport, is easier to play successfully when a man is young than when he develops some degree of fixedness of physical constitution, the outlook of the belated recruit is by no means hopeless.

It occurs to one that Mr. Palmer affords an admirable model for the late beginner at golf, the person whose muscles are more or less set in one particular mould, and who is not likely to cultivate a full and free swing, strive though he may to do so. Here we have a player who—on hard ground at any rate—drives as far as anybody with a short half-swing and the plentiful use of the right forearm. At least, he appears to force with this latter member, and, indeed, surely in no other way could he hit the ball such long distances with so abbreviated an up-swing. At Dollymount he was driving as far as Mr. Gordon Lockhart. That circumstance opened the eyes of many people as to the changes which had been wrought by the rubber-cored ball. Mr. Lockhart, a young man of twenty-six, who wields the club with the freedom which comes of an early apprenticeship to the game, glories in hard hitting. He lets out for all he is worth when he has the opportunity of playing a full shot with a wooden club. With a gutta-percha ball probably he would outdrive Mr. Palmer by a considerable distance, but he could gain nothing in length at Dollymount, and he lost a good deal in direction, for the short up-swing of the veteran and the follow-through straight on the line of the flag practically precluded the chance of a seriously crooked shot.

Mr. Palmer deservedly enjoys a great reputation as a putter. Perhaps the first time that he was appreciated at his true worth in this direction was on the occasion of the Open Championship at St. Andrews in 1905. He happened to be drawn with Harry Vardon, so that he came right into the limelight, and the deadliness of his putting on greens that were as keen as skating rinks will not be forgotten by anybody who followed those two players. It was in similar circumstances—at any rate, until

the day of the final, when rain fell in torrents—that he made his way into the concluding heat of the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in 1907, and it was his golf within twenty yards of the hole that constituted his great strength at Dollymount last week. His driving was long, and he did some wonderful things with a newly purchased jigger, but it was the fact that he seemed to be dead whenever his ball lay two yards or less from the hole that broke down the opposition.

I do not know any more businesslike putter than Mr. Palmer. In crouching attitude, he makes one brief but intent examination of the line; then he rises with a quickness which suggests that an innate desire to be energetic has mastered him. A second or so later the ball is either dead or in the tin. Energy is the keynote of his preparations on the green. There are occasions (not very frequent) when he feels that it is necessary to survey the line from the hole as well as from the ball. At these times he positively scurries along the green; if there existed a time-limit and he had nearly exhausted it he could not exhibit greater haste to have the preliminaries finished.

It is hard to recall any other distinguished golfer who goes about the ordeal of putting in such an atmosphere of hurried activity. George Duncan putts quickly, but when he wants to examine the line from the hole he walks the journey. Mr. Palmer undertakes the trip at trotting pace.

When the subject of the successful late beginner is under consideration, there leaps to one's mind the illustrious performance of Mr. Charles Hutchings, who took up golf at the age of thirty-two and won the amateur championship when he was fifty-three. He was a grandfather at the time, a picturesque circumstance which has taken a permanent place in golfing history; but, truth to tell, there was nothing particularly patriarchal about his appearance on the occasion of his triumph. He looked as athletic as anybody during that memorable week at Hoylake when people hovered in their choice between the "Haskell" and the "guttie," and the men who selected the former finally established the popularity of the rubber-cored ball by carrying off all the honours.

Mr. W. J. Travis, British and American ex-champion, was by no means a youthful convert to golf. I believe that he had turned thirty when he began to play. Even for the people who start when they are approaching the "sere and yellow" there are noteworthy precedents to promote unlimited hope. The late Captain Austin knew nothing about the game until he was fifty; yet, at the age of sixty, he was a scratch man in the Royal St. George's Club. Colonel B. Quill, who took part in this year's amateur championship at St. Andrews, to qualify for which he had to be scratch or better at all the clubs of which he was a member, started to play when he was fifty-six. Mr. F. E. R. Fryer, formerly a fine cricketer and archer, has just been reduced to scratch at Woodbridge at the age of sixty-four. So that, while the youthful beginner has an advantage which is the envy of the matured enthusiast who suffers in bunkers for his early sins of omission, there is a chance of prosperity for every age of man who takes to golf. R. E. HOWARD.



MR. C. A. PALMER.

Winner of the Irish Open Amateur Championship.

## THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPION.

MR. JEROME TRAVERS is a wonderful golfer. With no more than the cabled accounts of the American Amateur Championship as yet before us, that fact, at least, is manifest. I happen to know fairly well the play of all the semi-finalists in that amateur championship, and have little doubt that the man who won was the best man. He is marvellously good at his long approaches with his iron clubs, and, provided he is not called on to stop the ball very dead, is a wonderfully accurate short approacher. Then he is a fine putter and a powerful driver. He is apt to be crooked with his wooden clubs, but his length is so great with his irons that he loses practically nothing when he discards the wood. Above all, he is a match-player. If you read the accounts of his games, he seems to have been always playing not quite well; and yet it was always quite well



enough to win. The great match-player is the man who can avoid defeat when he is playing badly, not merely he who can win when he is playing well. Anyone can do that. But Mr. Travers is almost as fine an exemplar of the former faculty in America as Mr. Ball is here; and higher praise can be given to no man. The only one of the last four that I thought might beat him was Mr. J. G. Anderson. I never thought that Mr. Chick Evans could. But I watched all that final match at La Boulie a year or two back, when Mr. Evans beat Mr. Anderson only at the thirty-eighth hole for the French Amateur Championship. The loser struck me as a very solid golfer then; one who could produce his best when called on. But I expect Mr. Travers had both a trifle too much power and a trifle too much finish for him. As for Mr. Herreshoff, he is inclined to strike a bad streak for a while in a match of the length of thirty-six holes. It was just this that did for him against Mr. Travers, who had no bad streaks. This is now the fourth time Mr. Travers has won that championship—a very great golfer!

#### POINTS SUGGESTED BY THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

There are two points rather worthy of some special notice in the accounts, as far as they have yet come to us by cablegram, of the American Amateur Championship—the first is the grotesque idea, as it must seem to us, of no fewer than eleven men starting out together to play extra holes in order to see who

shall survive to pass on into the tournament stage. It was thus that it happened in the process of arriving at a decision as to the last place on the score list. If the methods of our own amateur championship are ever assimilated to the American, as has been proposed, it is to be hoped that this particular detail will receive rather different treatment. Surely it needs some modification. The second point is the large number of players who hit off from the tee with iron clubs, and virtually never used a wooden club at all. Of course, this is a mode that Mr. Jerome Travers is known to adopt very often, and, equally, of course, the object is to get more accurate direction than most amateurs can command with their wooden clubs. And it is said that very little distance was lost, in the majority of cases, by the change from wood to iron. We have to remember that the Garden City course has a soil that bakes very hard, and that the American sun in the beginning of September is a very hard baker, so that there must have been almost endless run on the ball. The iron clubs will do this, as it seems—drive a very long ball if the ground favours the run—but they do not seem to give anything like the same carry as the wooden clubs. But, no doubt, the whole matter might be worth a good deal more experiment than has been given it in this country. Iron clubs have not yet been made, with light driving heads and long supple shafts, to test what may be done with these modern balls with an iron club specially designed to give length of drive. It is an experiment that might be well worth making.

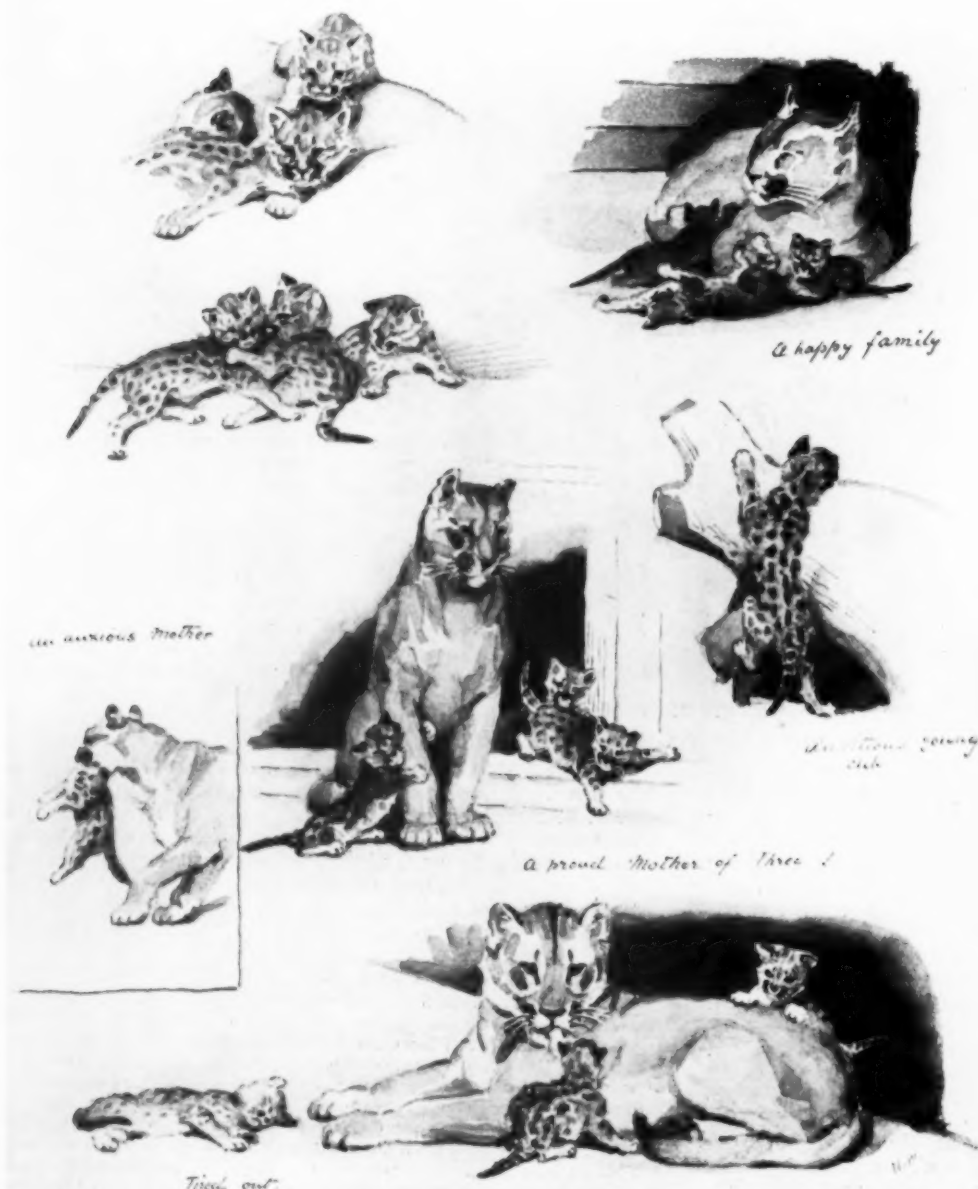
H. G. H.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### PUMA CUBS IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you may care to take these sketches of the young puma cubs which are just now so attractive at the "Zoo." The fact of their having been born in the Gardens and having attained the age of nearly three months makes these cubs remarkable, both circumstances being of rare occurrence in the London "Zoo."—NELLIE HADDEN.



HAPPY DAYS AT THE "ZOO."

#### STRANGE ADVERSARIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Friday last, when riding through a wood known as Knighton Wood in this neighbourhood, I was a witness of a contest between two such strange adversaries that it may interest your readers to hear of it. A young wood-pigeon first appeared in the ride apparently unable to fly, but running along immediately after it came a rabbit, attacking the bird open-mouthed in a most determined manner, and continued to do so for some seconds, until it saw me, when it made off, leaving the pigeon exhausted and minus many feathers. I shall be glad to hear if any of your readers have seen a similar fight or can account for it.—GEORGE FULTON.

#### A SINGULAR PLOUGHING ACCIDENT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—An unusual event in ploughing happened on an estate in this parish last week, and may, perhaps, be worth record. A ploughman, with an old mare and, as leader, a fine young, heavy horse over sixteen hands, was seen to be lying on his face, the mare on her side, and the horse, plunging furiously, to break his harness, gallop down the field and clear a five-barred gate with at least a foot to spare. He had probably jumped nothing in his short life before. It appeared that the ploughshare had cut into a nest of wasps, who instantly attacked the man and his team. He was badly stung about the face and head, but was sent to a doctor, properly treated and, like an unsophisticated rustic who has not yet been taught malingering and does not want to learn it, came to his work heroically in a couple of days. The horses did not suffer so much.—J. R. West Monkton, Somerset.

#### THE FLY NUISANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—You deserve the thanks of the community for continuing the crusade against this nuisance. If you could direct attention to the horrible condition of much of the food exposed in shop windows, you would be doing still greater service. How often does one see cakes, tarts, sweets and other comestibles simply teeming with flies—seething masses of corruption? Personally, I never deal with anyone who does not take reasonable trouble to protect his wares from these disgusting mendicants. The country needs waking up to the annual summer danger. A short time ago a friend of mine, wishful of doing her best in her own corner of the world, formed an alliance with the village schoolmaster, and

urged the children to kill every fly they could. These worthy confederates, however, had reckoned without the clergyman, who put his clerical foot down abruptly and emphatically. He had always tried to inculcate in youthful minds the idea of kindness to flies, and my friend and her ally were going altogether contrary to his teaching. However, without fear of being banned by bell, book and candle, as with your permission I propose remaining anonymous, may I repeat a prescription for an effectual destructive agent which I sent you last year? To a pint of equal parts milk and water add two tablespoonfuls of forty per cent. formalin. Expose in shallow plates with bread in the centre. At an American experimental station, three quarts of dead flies were swept up in a large call barn after six plates with this preparation had been placed in a narrow passage.—CRUSADER.

#### BATS TAKING ARTIFICIAL FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have had two experiences of bats taking the artificial fly. In both cases the bat was hooked during the backward cast when my line was extended in the air. On the first occasion I was fishing a pool in the Llugwy, at Bettws-y-coed. It was dusk, and I was using a good-sized white moth. I did not land this bat, as it got off before I could pull it in. The second time was on the Jhelum in Kashmir. I was casting a white fly for chiroo from a boat. This time the bat was only too well caught, nose and claws being so mixed up with the hook that it took me some time to unravel the tangle.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

#### THE COWMAN AND THE KITTEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a kitten having milk poured straight into its mouth from the cow. It is most amusing at milking-time to see the kittens—there are two of them—rushing up to the cowman, who regularly feeds them in this way, and mewing anxiously until he begins to milk. So excited do they get that one tried to climb up the cow's leg! Needless to say, the old



THE KITTEN'S TRICK.

cow kicked, and not only kicked the kitten off, but a bucket of milk over as well! The man taught them the trick by holding them under the cow and milking straight into their faces. At the second lesson both kittens understood what was required, opened their mouths and let the milk pour down their throats.—FRANCES PITT.

#### THE CENTENARIAN'S DAILY ROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This old lady, Mrs. Nannie Turner, resides at one of the Cholmondeley Castle lodges, which has been her home for more than fifty years, and although she has passed the hundred, she still retains all her faculties, and possesses a strength which is surprising in a woman of her years. Besides attending to various household duties, she makes it her business to go into the woods daily to gather fuel for the fire. She does not, as might be expected, spend a great portion of the morning in bed, as readers will gather when it is stated that this



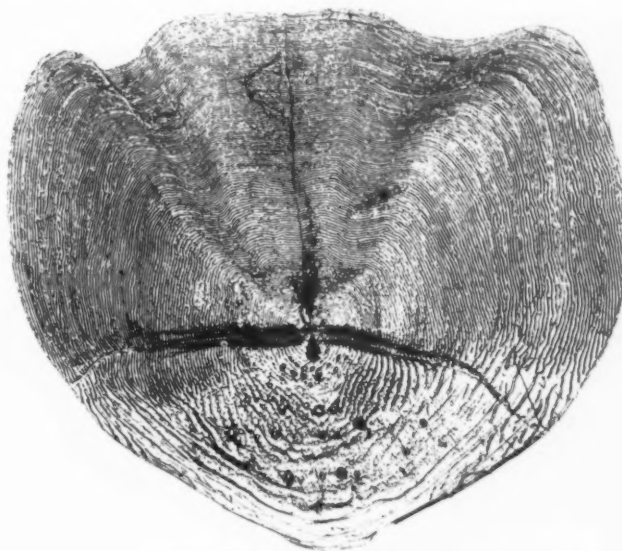
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND STILL GATHERING HER FUEL.

photograph was taken shortly after 10 a.m. It was indeed a red-letter day when Nannie celebrated her hundredth birthday anniversary. Cholmondeley being situated right in the heart of the Cheshire hunting-grounds, the old lady's figure and fame had become known to many throughout the country, and on the historic day congratulations arrived by post from many and distant quarters, in addition to the numerous personal calls by those on the way to the meet in the vicinity of Cholmondeley Castle.—A. VICKERS.

#### GROWTH OF GOLDFISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When so much is heard of salmon scale examination it is interesting to apply these methods to the scales of other fish, especially if, as in the present



MAGNIFIED SCALE OF GOLDFISH.

instance, the scales are taken from fish of known age. The enlargements here shown have kindly been taken by Mr. J. Arthur Hutton of Manchester, and represent scales taken from a goldfish (*C. carpio*) ten and a quarter inches long and weighing fifteen ounces, which had lived along with others of the same species in a large pond where the writer sometimes rears salmon and trout. Unfortunately, the scales of the carp family do not show the annual periods very clearly, but it is possible to discern fourteen years of growth on the scales depicted, which is the known age of the fish.—ALBERT WADE.

#### A GIGANTIC HOLLYHOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read in a recent issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* a description of a giant hollyhock, I enclose a photograph of a self-sown specimen, which measures thirteen feet three inches in height and six inches in girth at base, and has not yet finished growing. The soil is London clay.—H. E. GILLET.

[We are sorry our correspondent's photograph is not very reproducible.—ED.]

#### LOST HOMERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I believe it was in *COUNTRY LIFE* that I read, a few months back, some correspondence on the loss of carrier pigeons. The wing-feather of a pigeon, which I enclose herewith, bearing the figures 30, may interest some of your

readers, and might possibly meet the eye of the owner of the missing bird. I picked the feather up, together with several others, to use as pipe-cleaners, when walking over Armbroth Fell, near Thirlmere, on August 19th, from the spot where I disturbed a buzzard at his breakfast, and did not notice the stencilled number until some time afterwards.—B. G. FABIAN.

[The figures 30 are very plainly printed on the feather.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I regret to say that I shot by mistake at Merstham on September 1st a pigeon having on one leg a metal ring on which is W D F 1175 N U 13, and on the other leg a rubber ring on which is R. 207.—A. ROBERTS. (Major.)



## THE JACKDAWS' HOMECOMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The return of the jackdaws to their roosting trees in the evening after a day in the fields is always an event which delights the lover of Nature who wanders among the ancient oaks of Richmond Park. The trees of this part are well suited to the requirements of the jackdaw. The huge oaks, which have weathered many a winter, spread out their great arms in profusion, affording ample room for the thousands of birds which occupy them. Moreover, the hollow trunks and branches provide such nesting sites as the jackdaw loves. As evening wears on and it becomes dusk, the returning jackdaws begin to appear, straggling across the crimson sky, sometimes in small numbers, usually in large flocks, the rustle of whose wings can be heard distinctly. The birds are generally silent, unless there happen to be rooks among the company, and these, even if few, supply the deficiency with a lusty chorus, which is heard from the moment they come into sight till they are settled for the night. On some evenings the jackdaws congregate on a wide stretch of grass, and rising *en masse* repair to the trees, but this is not usual. The manner in which they most often approach and descend to the trees is very curious. When the birds reach the oaks which they have selected in the most secluded part of the woods, they wheel slowly round in circles, their numbers bewildering the onlooker. Then they deliberately lose their balance and fall to the trees. The sight of these multitudes of jackdaws tumbling from a great height in every conceivable attitude is extremely amusing. Every bird, however, recovers its equilibrium as it nears the trees, and makes for any branch where it can find room. Soon a dozen trees or more are loaded with thousands of birds, who by this time have found their voices, and the woods resound with their cackling and cawing. The boughs of every tree are packed with jackdaws and rooks, sitting close to one another, body to body, with their heads facing the wind. If another batch should arrive late the birds already settled rise, and the scene which has been described takes place all over again. Occasionally, when this happens a small band of jackdaws will leave the roosting trees and fly very swiftly through the woods, avoiding the branches with wonderful agility, all the time keeping quite compact, not a bird falling out of position. Finally, as darkness comes on, these return to the others, and the jackdawry becomes quiet.—H. C. ELPHICK.

## A DALMATIAN RECIPE FOR WINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may prove of interest to your readers. It depicts Dalmatian peasants near Spalato preparing to tread grapes. In this



PUTTING IN THE GRAPES.

early stage of the proceeding it did not seem to them what other ingredients went towards the recipe for their wine, as they frequently worked about among the dust and rubble during the process.—GERALD S. HERVEY.

## THE FRIENDLY SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The story of the tame blackbird, told in COUNTRY LIFE of August 30th, is very interesting, but I think I can give an instance of something even more singular. A few weeks ago a squirrel made its appearance in our grounds, and in order to attract it we placed some nuts on one of the trees. Since then he has made frequent, almost daily, visits, looking for the supply which he always found. A few days ago my wife went to the tree and offered him some nuts, which he readily took from her hand, one at a time. He sat quite quietly on a branch while eating them, and seemed perfectly at home as we stood close by watching him as he took his meal. This has been repeated frequently ever since. A second squirrel has now come on the scene, but at present we have not succeeded in bringing him to hand.—W. B. REDFERN.

## BRACKEN AND WIREWORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been told that manure made with bracken as litter encourages wireworm in the garden. I should be very much obliged if any of your readers would give me the benefit of their experience on this point.—G. E. BAKER.

## SALMON LEAPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph was taken on July 28th, and shows salmon rising in the pool below the Falls of Tummel, Perthshire.—F. G. J. ROBINSON.



BELOW THE FALLS OF TUMMEL.



SALMON ATTEMPTING TO LEAP FALLS AFTER RAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of the salmon leaping at Struan, Perthshire, was taken by Mr. Beville Stanier's chauffeur, Clement Ruscoe, on August 22nd. There had been rain the night before, and there were dozens of salmon trying to jump up the falls.—T. CONSTANCE STANIER.

## THE PLAGUE OF GNATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if anyone can suggest a means of destroying gnats, which are unusually abundant this year, not only in the living-rooms, where one can wage war freely on them, but I find in my coal cellar, in its darkest corner, a niche where not much draught can reach it, they swarm in clouds on the wall all the winter for months together. My servant has tried fumigating the cellar, with no results. It is not a damp place as it is close to, but not touching, the stove for the hot-water pipes. Probably the warmth is the attraction.—A. G. H.



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